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THE CADET,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



VOL. II.

THE CADET;
A POEM,
In Six Parts :
CONTAINING
REMARKS ON BRITISH INDIA.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
EGBERT AND AMELIA ;
In Four Parts :
WITH
OTHER POEMS.

BY
A LATE RESIDENT IN THE EAST.

" This our life, except from public haunt,
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in stones, and good in ev'ry thing !"
SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON :
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1814.



PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

BEFORE the reader commence his perusal of the present tale, I could wish for a few moments to detain him, in order that he may be made acquainted with some few circumstances relative to the story which he is about to examine, and which may probably induce him to arrest the more virulent shaft of criticism ; otherwise, perhaps, held by him in preparation to be hurled against it.

Be it known to him, that the following tale was composed by me on board ship, with no other positive intention but that of beguiling the tediousness of a passage from India to the Mauritius, and without the most distant idea of gaining publicity by exposing the same to the strict observance of a criticising world. Finding no better rational means of rendering less heavy the hours of a long voyage—such, at least, to one unaccustomed to the sea—than what some innocent employment might offer, I commenced this tale; and continuing my gradual progression for several hours daily, within the compass of three weeks brought it to a completion. Having since submitted it to the criticism of some friends, whose advice may possibly lean too much to the side of partiality, it is by their counsel that I offer this my imperfect, and perhaps undigested, performance to the world: but let me not be deemed presump-

tuous for that which was done with fear and trembling, or exposed to censure too rigidly severe for daring to make to the Public this harmless offering. Little can be expected from what only engrossed such a short period in the composition; and although nothing can wholly excuse a worthless performance, still as I cannot, until I hear the public award, be sensible whether or not mine will be as such considered, I have presumed, but hesitatingly, to trust it alike to the animadversions of the candid and judicious, and the petulant strictures of the ungenerous and unlettered; but am induced to hope, that, from the former at least, I shall meet with indulgent approbation.

I would farther acquaint my Reader, that what will here engage his attention is the production of a very young man; and one, indeed, that has scarcely yet ventured to lay claim to that title, not having attained to that climacteric

when the proud designation is given, which the stripling by law lays claim to, on attaining his one-and-twentieth year.

I am aware, and suspect in truth it may be said, that what requires so much excuse to recommend it, cannot possess much intrinsic worth; but timidity alone, and fear for the success of my performance, too strongly impel me to state what I have, that my Reader may not be misguided by the erroneous idea, that what he is here about to peruse was the product of rigid lucubrations, or application otherwise intense: and I trust, that when the terror which must naturally assail a young Author on giving his first published attempt to general examination be considered, that I shall meet with indulgence; and, if I pass the severe ordeal of criticism, that I shall at least escape contempt.

It will, I imagine, be immediately perceived, on perusal, that the grand design in the following

tale is merely to point out the incertitude of happiness in this transitory existence of unceasing vicissitude ; and to show, too, that many, and most of the afflictions incidental to this life, are produced, for the most part, by the restless inclinations and depravities of man.

There is one particular in the story, which I wish here to say a few words on, as it may be somewhat considered to militate against those rules for narrative composition, which certainly ought in most cases to be observed : I allude to that long episode, giving the brief history and death of EDMUND. As I wrote this, as I have before intimated, with no intention of making it public, I followed, throughout the narrative, whatever the inclination of my mind at the moment led me to write, without any adherence to strictness of rule ; by which reason the story is possibly less perfect than it might have been, had I composed it purposely to gain the com-

mendation of the crowd.—Certain it is, that the episode above alluded to tends in no wise to advance, or even assist, the final catastrophe; and might, perhaps, have been omitted, without any detriment to the tale: still, if it bear in itself sufficient of interest to satisfy or please the Reader, the time bestowed upon it has not been thrown away; nor, in such case, can it be said to be altogether misplaced. I had also some motive for introducing this—it strengthens the moral of the tale, and is an additional illustration of the incertitude of happiness in this state of being—the principal hinge on which the subsequent story turns. At the commencement of the narrative all the characters introduced are happy: and I thought it better, as misfortune was intended to succeed, to bring it on somewhat gradually, and to make some preparation for this, than to introduce it too precipitately; for such immediate transitions as

they are the more seldom known; are the less natural.

I fear that many ladies of virtue, so impregnable as to have withstood attack for a couple of generations, may be tempted to exclaim against the weak credulity and too easy character of my heroine, and hold her up as despicable. However, let them for a moment look through human nature, and, if I mistake not, many females may be found, of the most generous and upright principles, who have become dupes to the impious treachery of their adverse sex. The poor unfortunate, who has fallen to villanous seduction a prey, whether or not her heart be undepraved, is ever held up, in the balance of reproach, as an object of contempt and detestation; whilst, frequently, the gay votary of fashionable folly may commit her daily peccadillos uncensured, and wrap around her the cestus of unhallowed pleasure;

commended the while by countless cries, reverberating from the hateful throats of fawning parasites.

The hypercritic, I am aware, may observe, with a smile of derision, that I have doomed all my *dramatis personæ* to destruction: but I would remark to him, that, as the catastrophe is generally sorrowful, it was certainly—so according to my estimation—more charitable, and much more consistent with humanity, to put an end to those who remained in affliction, than suffer them to pass the long residue of an advanced, or even a non-advanced, life in misery.—The hours allotted to man for existence are short; and I esteemed it better suited to the character of the tale, told in the following sheets, to follow every individual introduced therein to the termination thereof, than suffer the reader to leave off unsatisfied, with the idea that any remained to combat against excess of sorrow.

I have nothing farther to offer, but shall await the determinating judgment of those before whom this story will be laid, a just and discriminating Public, with the most fearful sensations, mistrust, and anxiety.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PREFACE.	Page v
EGBERT AND AMELIA. Part the First.....	1
———. Part the Second.....	39
———. Part the Third.....	71
———. Part the Fourth.....	105
Cupid and Psyche: an Allegorical Tale. From Apuleius...	139
Elegiac Stanzas, on the melancholy Decease of my Father, whom I had scarcely seen, in consequence of his having left England for India when I was but one year old....	167
Epitaph on two Infants, who died about the same time...	172
Meditations on Death: occasioned by the Dissolution of my Father.....	173

Lines, chiefly addressed to an affectionate Uncle, in consequence of his delivering me, when very young, from a dangerous Female Acquaintance.....	Page 187
Lines on a recent Engagement, which took place on the Continent, betwixt the British and French Forces.....	203
Reflections on Battle.....	211
Stanzas on the Recovery of an Infant from a Fever which threatened its Life.	218
Stanzas on a Primrose blowing in Winter.	220

EGBERT AND AMELIA.

Part the First.

“ Que nous sommes heureux ! Même cette indigence,

“ Triste compagne des beaux jours,

“ Ne peut de notre joie empoisonner le cours.

“ Jeunes, gais, satisfaits, sans soin, sans prévoyance,

“ Aux douceurs du présent bornant tous nos desirs,

“ Quel besoin avons nous d’une vaine abondance ! ”

VOLTAIRE.

FAR from the broils and bustles of the world,
Remote from city fume and cheerless coil,
Within a woody vale’s remote recess
ALONZO liv’d. No sorrow mar’d his ease ;
For Virtue nestled in his manly breast,
And form’d his soul for Heav’n. In youth’s gay prime
Deep had he drank of erudition’s fount ;
Swallow’d the various sweets of attic lore,
And stor’d his quickly penetrative mind
With rich abundance. In his graver day,
Having estrang’d himself from Folly’s brood,
Within the bosom of this little glen

VOL. II.

O

B

He chose his residence. The smiling land
Which own'd him lord, with ev'ry beauty teem'd
Of vegetation. Plenty from her horn
Scatter'd her gifts in kind sufficiency,
And fost'ring Ceres strew'd her sweets around.

The landscape nigh was sombre more than gay,
Yet far from wanting that which tends to please.
The fleecy mothers browsing here and there,
And bleating for their young ones, gave a sound
Of rural melody. The sportive kids
Skipping fantastic o'er the level turf,
Offer'd a moral to the pond'ring mind—
“ Thus speed the hours of innocence and youth!
“ But, like the dawning of a summer's day,
“ They pass scarce noted; 'till the season stern
“ Of ruder age wipes all their bloom away,
“ And leaves a wasting blight amid the hairs.”

Around the dwelling which ALONZO chose,
A pale enclos'd a garden: there he grew
All that necessity could e'er require.
From thence the eye could comprehend the scene,
And take in all it's objects—few, but fair.
The spreading oak, the tall majestic elm,
The sturdy beech, put forth their lusty arms,

○

And to the dell gave graceful ornament.
 'Twas Contemplation led her vot'ry there,
 And Wisdom's tongue commended the abode.
 Here liv'd ALONZO in unwarp'd content,
 Sequester'd from the buzz of vanity,
 And shielded from those unbenign assaults
 Oft met with on the chequer'd track of life.
 Books had he still, for books were his delight;
 And tho', thro' them, he oftentimes explor'd
 The tendencies corrupt of human kind;
 Yet observation had, ere now, confirm'd
 A judgment, by experience early form'd.

 In years, some time remote, he had imbib'd
 The world's false joys: but Reason—worthy guide—
 Check'd his career, and call'd Experience in
 To mark those secret unsuspected toils,
 Cast for the sons of fashionable vice.
 He saw, resolv'd, and hurried from the scene;
 Took him a partner, sought this lone retreat;
 Here liv'd contented. Love reciprocal
 Was daily manifest, nor knew decrease.
 Peace placid smil'd. Escap'd the volant years
 In happiness uncloy'd: nor, 'till it pleas'd
 The God of mercy to transport his wife
 To realms more joyous, was he giv'n to know

One pang of pungent bitterness: but now
Awhile he bore, of wretchedness, the yoke.

Here was the first keen dart Misfortune flung!
Long link'd to her by that tenacious chain
Which in firm contact binds devoted hearts,
When summon'd hence to wing her heav'nward flight
To Immortality, although he knew
How splendid her exchange, yet did the thorn
Of fest'ring sorrow deeply pierce his breast.
By grief o'erburthen'd, at the first he gave
Free vent unto his wailings. Whilst his eye,
Fix'd vacant, brew'd the gradual drops of wo,
The vast and unimaginable form
Of thought arose, and echo'd calmly back
The heart's repinings. Thus the mourner mus'd:
"What is that happiness which mortals seek
"With such determin'd assiduity?
"An ignis fatuus, a phantom bliss,
"A mere ideal weal! 'tis only born,
"And in imagination nourish'd: there
"It swells and magnifies, but nothing yields.
"Like the deluding pageant of a dream,
"It gulls awhile, and vanishes alike!"

Long did he give it's scope to sore regret:

But time, whose unresisted pinion blunts
 The keenest arrow which misfortune wings,
 Shed an assuasive over him. The wife,
 For whom the fount of sorrow had been drain'd,
 Left him a beauteous progeny, in part
 To compensate her loss ;—a boy and girl,
 Produc'd to being at one painful birth.
 These darling pledges of united love,
 The children of a woman he ador'd,
 Were rear'd beneath his circumspective eye,
 And educated chaste ; his only aim
 To teach them virtue, and to fortify
 Their hearts against the rude assaults of guilt,

The pleasing task of education prov'd
 An anodyne to sorrow. Whilst he mark'd
 The fainter rays of genius glimm'ring forth,
 He turn'd them, with a parent's anxious heed,
 Where they might shine unsullied, nor imbibe
 Aught to attain their lustre. Thus the days
 Of childhood pass'd along. The roseate hue
 Of health was stamp'd upon the infant cheeks
 Of either child.. As fairly form'd the boy
 As fabled Ganymede ; and well the girl
 Might vie with storied Hébé. Soon as day
 Open'd the gradual curtains of the East,

And rent the veil of night ; the sire, as wont,
Summon'd his ruddy charge : nor long delay'd
The duteous offspring their desir'd approach.
They came, their features bright with winning smiles,
And list'ning to Instruction's dulcet tongue,
Receiv'd the precious gifts of early lore.

Thus pass'd the cloudless days of infancy !
The father lov'd his children ; they their sire.
They grew in years and prosper'd : as they grew,
The charms of grace to each were largely dealt :
Nor had their minds as yet imbib'd a blur
Which might arouse a blush upon the cheek
of innocence : for, foster'd 'neath the wing
Of mellow'd wisdom, they were pure of heart,
In vanity untaught, to vice estrang'd.
That they were faultless 'twould be mad to urge ;
For when was rational of stain devoid ?

Both were as yet behind their eighteenth year.
AMELIA's figure was of under-size,
But light as her's, in fabled tale, who trod
The undulating wave, nor sunk beneath.
Her features ample testimony bore
Of gentle soul, of heart immaculate :
Nor was she less than did her semblance show—

Bland Nature's unsophisticated child.
 Oft would she climb the mountain's lofty peak,
 Whose rugged base gave limits to the glen,
 Gaze o'er the farther prospect ; then descend
 On eager feet, to tell of what she saw.
 What tho' the sun had lightly ting'd her cheek,
 She had a bloom which city maidens court,
 And strive in vain to bear. The Graces mix'd
 Their various beauties in her airy form.
 Her eyes of azure beam'd intelligence,
 And gave such glance of winning modesty,
 As oft extorted admiration's praise.
 Her mind was not less lovely than her shape :
 If e'er a selfish thought transvers'd her brain,
 She crush'd the puny danger in it's birth,
 And triumph'd over weakness ; for her sire—
 His wholesome counsel treasur'd in her breast—
 Upstart'd to her mind whene'er 'twas bent
 On aught but right. Thus, partial were her faults.
 As all mankind are guilty, more or less,
 She could not mate perfection : still the maid
 Was such as any parent might be proud
 To call his child before a gaping world.
 Her greatest failing—if it can be such—
 Was overstock of sensibility ;
 Fatal too oft to it's possessor. Those

Who call the heart's emotions into play,
And render it susceptible of grief
For ev'ry casual pain that chance may bring,
Are foes but to themselves. The heart that's weak
And readily affected, should be sheath'd
In Resolution's panoply: for oft
Around those banners Fashion's arm upholds,
A peccant supernumerary race
Of idlers throng; and, skulking oft abroad,
Trample the badge of honour to the dust,
Mark for their victims whom, by Nature's law,
Claim man's protection: with accurs'd intent
Rob their affections, and, to crown their guilt,
Leave them o'erthrown; examples pitiful
Of misapplied susceptibility.

Those tender hearts which too acutely feel,
May of Hypocrisy become the dupes,
And perish e'en by goodness overstrain'd:
For, like the fly that plunges in the sweets,
And tasting meets it's death; they, fed awhile
By honey'd words, may gulp a draught at last
Which leaves them poison'd by the sweets it gave.

AMELIA had this fault, if fault it be.

For those she lov'd, she thought no sacrifice
Too great, too powerful.

..... Not so the son !

EGBERT ador'd his father, and would make
 The amplest sacrifice for his content.
 He was to others sparing of his love,
 His sister sole excepted. In his choice
 Of friends and fellows wary. Tho', as yet,
 Communion with the world he'd little held,
 Still were his acts by circumspection mark'd.
 He was endow'd with amply portion'd sense,
 An understanding sound and flexible.
 The sole companions of his infant years
 Had been the children of the peasantry,
 Inhabiting a village nigh the vale :
 With them he mingled in the festive game,
 Spun the brisk top, or roll'd the pliant ball.
 Often he'd enter 'neath some lowly roof
 With jocund playmate, and approaching straight
 Where the kind mother of the cottage sat,
 Receive her welcome kiss ; and hither rest,
 Nor blush to eat the salutary bread
 Which nourish'd those less wealthy. Oft he'd stray
 With boon companion thro' the dapple fields,
 Recount the stories which his father told,
 Astonishing his hearer. Thus, ere earth
 Had urg'd her orb twelve times around the sun,
 He was pronounc'd an oracle by all

Those worthy sons of husbandry who dwell
Within the precincts of his native glen.
In life's more early season he had mix'd
With all as equal. In his riper days,
Tho' courteous ever, he assum'd that mien
Which too great freedom of access forbade,
And 'twixt the peasantry and him preserv'd
A distance, such as diff'rent births demand:
Still was the frequent plaudit of esteem
Bestow'd upon him from each honest heart.

Tho' EGBERT knew but little of mankind
From intercourse with equals, yet his thoughts
Dwelt often on the human character.
From those recitals which his sire had giv'n,
And from the many volumes he'd explor'd,
His mind was stor'd with maxims pure and just.
He'd been instructed, ere his judgment form'd,
To ponder well. To well discriminate
Is an advantage but obtain'd by few.
He was prepar'd, whenever he should meet
Those to himself superior in the gifts
Of worshipp'd riches, studiously to note
The strongest fav'rite bias of their hearts,
And 'scape from all dishonourably giv'n.
With such a mind, so resolutely bent

To judge on proof, and but on proof alone,
 He deem'd he might securely range the world,
 Explore the mighty wrecks which it contains,
 And safely view it's undetected snares.
 But who shall bustle thro' the war of strife,
 Which ever marks man's passage to the grave,
 Without incessant stumbles ? For the world
 Is a vast cullendar, it's holes conceal'd,
 And all who wander over it *may* fall
 Into it's hidden chasms or soon or late.

Tho' EGBERT was instructed deep in lore,
 He still had much to learn, for he was apt
 To look too much thro' dim Suspicion's eye.
 As yet his love was exercis'd to none,
 Save the dear relatives with whom he liv'd ;
 Yet fail'd he not to bear tow'rds human kind
 The feelings of a Christian. Well he knew
 The prevalence of ill : his parent's voice
 Had giv'n him caution 'gainst it's influence,
 Bewailing oft th' infirmities of man.
 He listen'd to the num'rous apologies
 Which Wisdom's tongue preceptive, oft pronounc'd,
 And Resolution, first of puny growth,
 Thus gain'd it's strength tow'rds Virtue's hallow'd goal.

EGBERT had foibles ; bigotry was one,
To notions once imbib'd. He thought — 'twas weak—
His understanding could not lead him wrong.
Haughty he was and supercilious,
But to such only as deserv'd. 'Twas his
To scorn the bellowing herd of ignorance,
When guided by presumption : but the wise
He reverently hail'd : their words he caught
And treasur'd jealousy. One little fault
Still cast a trifling soil upon his worth :
Whene'er his ardent spirit was arous'd,
He gave strong proofs of violence — but here
His more unmeet propensities he hid,
Which in the balance plac'd 'gainst Virtue's weight
Would strike the beam ; and, in despite of faults,
His heart was gen'rous and benevolent.

Such were the children of a happy sire.
ALONZO view'd them with a parent's eye,
And all his bliss was centred in their weal.
Both sedulous to please, their days were pass'd
In mutual affection, mutual love.
Oft would the twain perambulate the dell,
(AMELIA hanging on her brother's arm,)
And as the landscape's charms oppos'd their sight,
Their minds to mutual concord harmoniz'd —

Responsive, each approv'd what each admir'd.
How lovely glides the morn of life along !
The sun shines genial, no destructive storms
Chase his kind beams and substitute their gloom ;
But oft the speedy noon is overcast,
And the most brilliant date of fleeting life
Obscur'd by angry shadows ! Let us mark
Upon the swift-revolving wheel of TIME
How thick misfortunes crowd ! But, hid beneath
Th' impenetrable mantle which he wears,
They are not seen 'till he has pass'd along
And left them to their malice. On this sphere
How vain, alas ! the search for length of joy !
Affliction follows closely in it's track,
And hurls the smiling phantom to the dust.

ALONZO's children had not seen as yet
Their noon of life arriv'd. Their happy hours
Sped thoughtlessly along ; their lightsome hearts
Oppress'd by nought of sorrow's cumbrous load.

In various occupation pass'd their days,
Not idly squander'd. When with early dawn
Phosphor withdrew his salutary lamp,
ALONZO sought his study, where he por'd
Over th' immortal monuments of men

Born to instruct the world. EGBERT the while
Clamber'd, with daring foot, the frowning steep;
And gazing raptur'd, ponder'd from afar
The mighty MACROCOSM. Reflection stole
Into his heart's recesses, and there bred
Surprise at Nature's vastity; a wish
To search her hidden mysteries, and pierce
The cloud which wraps her admirable works.
He studied much; nor was he lightly skill'd
In metaphysic lore, yet nought allow'd
The more recondite dogmas of the schools,
The monstrous dross, the foul abortive spawn
Of that swell'd imp, miscall'd Philosophy*,
To cast his blasting hood o'er Reason's light.
Oft with the Scottish Minstrel† would he climb
The rugged cliff; and whilst his ardent soul
Dwelt on the honey'd accents of the Muse,
His tongue would echo her responsive tones.
When, 'mid the silence calm of ev'ning hour,

* "Ignorance itself, in all it's native gloom and darkness," says an ingenuous author, "is seldom guilty of such wonderful deviations from truth and common sense, as learned sophistry, vanity, and presumption." Let many of the modern philosophers be read, and see what monstrous and absurd theories are by them set forth.

† BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*.

He follow'd Satan to the realms of woe,
 Led by our Milton's bold, advent'rous song,
 Frantic he'd start, as if he were in hell,
 And, with th' imagin'd gestures of the fiend,
 Invoke th' apostate spirits to arise.
 Or sometimes charm'd by Thomson's milder lay,
 He'd rove abroad, and stretching him along
 Beside some rippling streamlet, read aloud,
 And join the music of the poet's lines
 With the brook's gentle murmur. Oft he'd rest
 Beneath some hawthorn's salutif'rous shade,
 When rosy May th' embracing boughs adorn'd;
 And fir'd by thee, divine Mæonides,
 Fight over Hector's battles. Thus were pass'd
 His hours of leisure, never ill-bestow'd.

AMELIA— whilst her brother was employ'd
 In tasting those nectareous sweets, sublim'd
 By kind Instruction's slow, progressive flame,—
 Would seat her in the garden, and direct
 Th' improvements taste demanded. One while show
 Where the tall tulip would advantage gain;
 Where should be plac'd the lily, where the rose,
 The jessamine and hyacinth; instruct
 The rude untutor'd workman how to form
 The smooth parterre; how cut the winding paths,

How sow the various seeds. Thus she appear'd
The garden's goddess, and might well have pass'd —
If we could realize what fables tell —
For her to whom Vertumnus paid his court.
Sometimes she'd place her at the kitchen board,
The ripen'd currant's grateful juice express,
Mix suitable ingredients, and produce
A pleasing beverage ; sometimes prepare
Preserves against the winter, or direct
The culinary process : nor, at times,
Blush'd she to knead the thrifty ev'ning cake.
Tho' she was notable, and ably skill'd
In all domestic matters, still her time
Was oft employ'd in studies more profound.
When chaste Aurora left her vestal couch,
And chanticler proclaim'd the dawn arriv'd,
She started from repose, and hasted straight
To offer salutation to the morn.
It was her custom, 'till the servant's voice
Announc'd the hour of breakfast, to peruse
Some useful moral from the sterling pens
Of those whom fame has honour'd ; for although
Of that rare sex whom deeper studies make
Not the *more* charming, still was she well read
In all that might be calculate to grace
A female mind, and render it of weight.

Sometimes she'd wander over Fielding's page,
 And whilst the sorrows of the thoughtless Booth
 And his fair consort prob'd her tender heart,
 In her bright eye the starting tear would swell,
 Quit the cerulean mansion where 'twas form'd,
 And roll upon her bosom, where the child
 Of purest Innocence reclin'd unharm'd.
 The woes of Werter claim'd no slight regard ;
 For oft she'd read them o'er ; and whilst her eyes
 Profusely shed the drops of pity down,
 On airy wing would meditation soar,
 And bid her ponder on the haps of man.

What is this life which he's so prone to love ?
 A heavy, dark, and dirty winter's day,
 Which passes sad but speedily along,
 And leaves no trace behind.

..... The spotless girl
 Reflecting frequent on the transient date
 To man allotted, stor'd her pious mind
 With axioms pure. Religion she rever'd,
 Nor ever swerv'd from what her father taught.
 He bade her often pause on Holy Writ,
 And read it with conviction, as a work

Far more sublime than ever mortal penn'd,
Containing truth's pure essence, God's own word.

Thus rationally pass'd each joyous morn !
At early hour, around the table sat,
To take their plain, but relishable meal,
The happy trio.—There AMELIA spake
Of those improvements she had late bestow'd
Upon her garden ; of her growing skill
In horticulture ; of the rapid growth
Of fav'rite plants, or flow'rs, or better fruits.
Then EGBERT took the word, convers'd well pleas'd,
And sweet communion animated all. —
ALONZO, notwithstanding mellow'd age
Had laid his wrinkling fingers on his brow,
Possess'd at times abundant gayety.
We know there are whom length of days deforms
And gives a second infancy : tho' gay,
ALONZO ne'er was puerile, for oft
When cheerful most he'd skilfully instruct.

Their breakfast o'er, the children with their sire
Would thro' the fields their pliant footsteps bend,
To court the healthy breeze, or to assist
The stomach to digest it's recent freight.

The father, as he mark'd the rising corn
Waving redundant o'er the temper'd land,
Would pluck perhaps a solitary blade,
And show the operation of it's growth.

“ Behold this little seed ! within contain'd *
“ A plant of species similar ; enclos'd
“ Another seed ; within this seed is held
“ Another little plant ; incessant thus
“ To endless *infinite infinity* †.

* See Cavalier Ramsey's “ Travels of Cyrus.”

† If my memory hold with me aright, it is thus given by Cavalier Ramsey as the philosophy of Zoroaster communicated to Cyrus when he visited that sage.—I here confess myself incapable of comprehending how any part of *palpable substantial* matter can be infinite ; and such an assertion to weaker and *unphilosophic* minds would seem to argue a dereliction of reason : however, such a belief most certainly magnifies the omnipotency of the Creator in forming even the most insignificant atoms on a scale so stupendous and incomprehensibly vast as to defy even the sagacious mind of man.—After all that can be said, the theory above is not surely more incredible than that the smallest part of matter is infinitely, or for ever divisible, as assented to by all sound philosophers—by Mr. Locke, Drs. Watts, Priestley, Hartley, Clarke, &c., or that a line may be imagined to be both

“ Thus, by the wonder-working hand of God,
“ A worthless atom's form'd to comprehend
“ Beyond what man's intensest thought can reach.
“ There's not a flow'r that variegates the dale
“ But gives a volume; not a blade of grass
“ That doth not offer to the studious mind

crooked and straight at the same time — refer to Mr. Locke and his followers in their account of abstract ideas — or that there are *quantities less* than nothing, or that a *greater* quantity may be subducted from a *lesser*, &c. Such profound dogmas are given by many of our more erudite men: and to see how far speculative philosophy can reach, the reader has only to refer to the authors and defenders of the *corpuscularian* hypothesis. I would have it here considered, that I speak in no wise irreverently of those whom fame holds deservedly dear; but at the same time confess myself inclined to believe, that many of their intensely subtle theories are above rational comprehension: however, as I am myself yet a very young man, in maturer years the light of philosophy may dawn more clearly upon me. — In the tale, I have adopted certainly a sublime philosophy of Zoroaster's, as given by Cavalier Ramsey, (although to myself confessedly somewhat incomprehensible,) as it is probably admitted by many, and tends to aggrandize the powers of Deity; and is, in consequence, I trust, not improperly put into the mouth of an affectionate father in instructing his children, to give them awful and adequate ideas of the mighty powers of God.

- “ More than a life could fathom.—Deep research.
 “ At length hath tended to unfold to man.
 “ Some of Creation’s mysteries.”

.....“ The seed

- “ Of all that grows contains an embryo plant.
 “ The genial moisture of the soil unfolds
 “ It’s fibres, membranes, branches,—kindly giv’n
 “ This genial moisture for their nourishment.
 “ Prolific Nature for each herb hath form’d
 “ Tubes of two sorts distinct: one fill’d with air,
 “ Which acts as lungs; the other fill’d with sap,
 “ Which may compare with arteries. By day
 “ The solar influence rarifies and swells
 “ That air enclos’d within the lunged pipes,
 “ So that they each compress, and thereby break
 “ The sap within the other tubes contain’d,
 “ Refining it—and force it to ascend;
 “ Which process forms the leaves, and flow’rs, and fruits.
 “ The same air cooling at approach of night,
 “ Becomes condens’d, and ceases for a while
 “ To press upon the pipes of aliment.
 “ These, thus dilated, speedily receive
 “ The fatt’ning moisture of the earth, well stor’d
 “ With sulphurs, salts, and minerals, which now
 “ The pressure of our atmosphere propels

“ Into the succ’lent roots ; by which the plants
“ Receive their constant nourishment by night,
“ And, as it were, digest it in the day *.—
“ Even this stalk, of which I’ve robb’d the ground,
“ Presents more wonders to the searching eye,
“ Than all those admirable works of art
“ Which ages have, and ages still shall note
“ As master-strokes of ingenuity.

“ Even this volatile transparent air
“ Presents not seldom to our bounded views
“ Incredible phenomena ; for oft
“ This active fluid heated, cool’d, compress’d,
“ One while dilated by the solar beam,
“ Sometimes by salts and sulphurs which it buoys,
“ At times congeal’d by nitres ; oft compress’d
“ By thick and heavy clouds, or causes, such
“ As break the steady balance of it’s parts,
“ Forms winds, one while impetuous, which dispel
“ Obnoxious vapours, sometimes soft and light,

* If this pretty and interesting inquiry into the wonderful operations of vegetable nature have suffered from the manner in which it is reduced to verse, the author begs leave to refer the reader to “ The Travels of Cyrus,” where he may see it in plain *intelligible* prose.

- “ Which serve to temper the more parching heats.
“ At other moments the meridian ray,
“ Piercing those little drops of dew which rest
“ On shrubs and grasses, rarifies them straight,
“ And makes them thereby lighter far than air ;
“ Then they ascend, form vapours, and there float
“ At diff’rent heights, according to their weight.
“ Those subtile moistures by the sun updrawn,
“ Loaded with sulphurs, minerals, and salts,
“ Kindle in air, disturb it, and produce
“ Destructive lightning. Other vapours too,
“ Of lighter matter, gather into clouds,
“ But when too heavy fall in fatt’ning dews,
“ In rain or snow, according as the air
“ Be heated more or less. Those moistures drawn
“ From ocean’s bed, are carried by the winds
“ To tops of lofty mountains where they rest,
“ By time soak into them, and meet within,
“ Where they continue to increase and swell,
“ Until they find a passage, then burst forth,
“ And form refreshing springs : small brooks from these,
“ And larger rivulets begin to flow,
“ Of which the smaller rivers are compos’d.
“ These streams again more copious rivers form,
“ Which all return into the parent sea,
“ To compensate the loss it had sustain’d

“ By the sun’s ardent ray. Thus we perceive
“ That all th’ irregularities which seem
“ ’Mid clashing elements, and threaten oft
“ To ruin Nature’s beauties, what they spoil
“ In one rude hour, at others they revive.
“ The fervent heats of summer, and the cold
“ Of moody winter, serve but to prepare
“ The milder beauties of recruited spring,
“ And the rich fruits of autumn. Changes such
“ As seem to weak and superficial minds
“ The blind effects of *chance*, are all ordain’d
“ By Him whose pow’r can ne’er be circumscrib’d.”

’Twas thus the sire instructed as they walk’d,
Nor e’er let opportunity elapse
When he could give his children what he deem’d
A worthy lesson: they, o’erjoy’d, receiv’d
His sageful precepts. Having ta’en their round,
The happy triad parted—each retir’d
To diff’rent occupation, soon to meet
And join again in interesting parle.

Time hitherto with unencumber’d wing
Had flitted o’er ALONZO’S little shed,
Nor left one sorrow there, since that which ’reft
The tender husband of a wife belov’d.

But where shall happiness unthwarted rest
On this terrestrial ball ? 'Tis oft pursu'd,
Still ever miss'd the doubtful track it holds.
Sometimes content—but shortliv'd ever this—
May salve the heart of man, and years hold on
An equable career, yet these ~~may~~ prove
Mere tantalizing moments, which escape
In silent mock'ry ; for, as soon as fled,
All the dark evils from Pandora's box
Flit round the head, and hope is scarce perceiv'd.
Here sour Misfortune soon began to brood,
And propagate her seed : at first, tho' light,
She seldom wounds ; but ev'ry wound she gives
Proves dangerous at last. — Now let us mark
Her first attack upon the virtuous peace
Of old ALONZO's little family.

One winter's day, as was her frequent use,
AMELIA, strolling thro' the narrow dell
In which her father's habitation stood,
Espied a new-born lamb upon the ground,
Forlorn and destitute ; the parent by
Stiffen'd in death : — awhile the maiden gaz'd —
The half-starv'd creature lifted up it's head,
Look'd in her face, and, bleating, seem'd to ask
Compassion for it's sufferings. She rais'd

The weakly carcass from the frozen earth,
And, placing in her lap content the charge,
Hasten'd her home to get it warm'd and fed.—
Daily from her the lamb receiv'd it's food,
And for such care seem'd grateful. Where she stroll'd
The fav'rite follow'd, ever at her side.
At night the fleecy innocent reclin'd
Close at the threshold of her chamber door.
She form'd as strong attachment to the lamb
As could exist 'twixt rational and brute.

One day reclining on the riv'let's marge
That ran beside the garden, she beheld
Her faithful fav'rite struggling with the stream.
Eager she scream'd, and speeded to the house
To seek assistance : EGBERT hurried out,
And straight inform'd the cause of her distress,
Advanc'd to snatch the toiling lamb from death.
As fear assail'd the maid, a peasant boy
Hearing her scream, and witnessing the cause,
Rush'd quick into the brook, in hopes to save
AMELIA's fav'rite; but the treach'rous stream,
Tho' scarcely higher than the stripling's waist,
Running impetuous, struck him from his stand,
And bore him down it's current. EGBERT saw,
And hasten'd to his rescue—but too late—

He dragg'd him to the bank a bloated corse.
 AMELIA fainted at the fearful scene ;
 And EGBERT, with his sister in his arms,
 Hasted to tell his sire the sad event.
 The hoary parent hurried to his child,
 And when he view'd th' unanimated form,
 Deem'd her expir'd, until his eager son
 Unfolded what had happen'd. — " Righteous God ! "
 Exclaim'd ALONZO, " what a stroke was there ! "
 The body of the youth, with water swell'd,
 Was brought into the cot, and ev'ry means
 That cautious prudence could suggest, essay'd,
 To rectify the fine-wrought springs of life.
 The hour was past ! — the chilly gripe of death
 Had froze those rills which animate the heart !
 The pulse refus'd it's function, and the eye
 Sunk, quench'd in night, beneath the rigid lid !

What a sad spectacle this moulded clay,
 When once the vital spark becomes extinct !
 A lifeless lump of foul, unseemly earth,
 Receptacle for worms ! ! — Bold man,
 A moment pause, on this side of the grave,
 Upon the loathsomeness of mortal flesh
 Soon as the soul her transient durance leaves !

An apter lesson where may there be found
To stop the tide of human vanity?

EGBERT, as oft his mournful eyes were cast
Upon the recent dead, gave it's free scope
To inward exclamation. " Death ! vast pow'r !
" Supreme o'er all those yet unnumber'd tribes
" Held by mortality's amazing chain !
" Whose agency no child of fallen man
" Has pow'r to mar — how wonderful art thou !
" Here full of life's exhilarating fire,
" In strength of days I pace her doubtful path,
" And as I march, companions of my way,
" Content and Joy seem constant at my side.
" Yet, at the very season when my mind
" May be employ'd on schemes of future weal,
" That very moment may be close at hand
" When all the vital fountain shall be drain'd —
" When, paler than the shroud that wraps me round,
" This tenement of soul — so fairly form'd —
" May fill some charnel vault, where Rottenness
" And rank Corruption sit on ebon throne.
" Then must I say farewell to all on earth,
" And seek for more enduring quietude
" Where woes can never throng. — 'Tis Fate's decree,

" Nor all the force Humanity may bring
 " Shall turn the ready shaft. 'Tis clearly writ,
 " In characters too firmly stamp'd to fade,
 " That ' Man is born to die ;' but He who wraps
 " Fate's vast arcana in impervious night,
 " Hath with consummate wisdom so involv'd
 " In mystery the moment of decease,
 " That, as we know it cannot but arrive,
 " To meet it we may e'er be well prepar'd,
 " And leave this world regarded of our God."

As these reflections in his mind arose,
 With heavy heart he hasten'd from the cot.
 AMELIA, when she op'd her languid eyes,
 And saw that awful death of which she deem'd
 Herself, however innocent, the cause,
 Burst forth in all the agony of grief.

" God ! " she exclaim'd, as sorrow's tears ran down
 Upon her lovely bosom — " Mighty God !
 " How fearful thine award ! In dawn of youth,
 " When life's most fragrant germ was full in bud,
 " And op'ning into flow'rs, thy minister,
 " With unrelenting hand, subverts the stem,
 " And lays those blooming beauties in the dust.
 " But an hour past, this now insensate clay
 " Contain'd an animating soul ! one stroke

“ Chases the spirit from involving earth,
“ Bursting the mortal mansion where ’twas held,
“ And sets it wand’ring. — Hold the moan profane !
“ Now far on heav’nward wing ecstatic borne,
“ Perhaps ’tis veering tow’rds the gate of BLISS.
“ Here what a lesson to the rising race !
“ Destruction lies so cunningly conceal’d,
“ That mortal eye beholds not his approach
“ Until he takes his spring. For, like the moth
“ That flits around the taper ’till ’tis scorch’d,
“ We tend incessant tow’rds Destruction’s den,
“ Incautious of our sad proximity,
“ And in some heedless moment fall his prey.”

AMELIA paus’d in sadness, when her sire
Wip’d the benignant tear, and mildly spake —

“ My child, the ways of Heav’n are fathomless !
“ But the Supreme Disposer of our fates
“ Acts for the best, and we should not complain.
“ ’Tis not for feeble mortals to demand
“ Why Death’s severe or Destiny unkind !
“ Enough for us if ’tis the will of Him
“ Who, as a bursting bubble, could destroy
“ This vast, this perfectly constructed world,
“ And in an instant crumble it to nought.—

" What oft appear as woes in man's esteem,
 " May prove eventual blessings. We are blind —
 " Nor seldom — to our good, and oft-times mourn
 " That from the which advantage is deriv'd. —
 " The Lord of Hosts is ever bountiful,
 " Guards us with care ; his anger is condign.
 " E'en here his love's confest. — This beardless youth,
 " Who now lies lock'd in Death's gigantic grasp —
 " As yet unhacknied in the ways of sin —
 " The God of Might has call'd to happier realms,
 " To live among the blessed, and to quaff
 " Th' ambrosial chalice of IMMORTAL LIFE."

Whilst sire and daughter thus in tender mood
 Exchang'd discourse, the son, not more unmov'd,
 Hasten'd along the green to notify
 The late unfortunate event to those
 Who claim'd the youth as offspring. He arriv'd,
 And found the parents seeking for their child. —
 He crav'd a conference. — The aged pair
 Begg'd he'd be seated, off'ring reverence.

He told them what had happen'd : but begun
 By dwelling on the sad mishaps of life ;
 The incertitude of all terrestrial joys.
 He bid them deem this transitory span

Which 'tis allow'd the human race to run,
But as a lapsing moment in that sea
Where time is swallow'd as the ocean takes
A bubb'ling rivulet. He painted then—
For he was ably gifted with the pow'rs —
The happiness he probably enjoy'd
Whom now they sorrow'd ; prov'd to them that wo
Was man's allotment ; that excess of grief
Would seem to tax earth's Founder as unkind,
Nor just in what he will'd. “ Wo must be felt,
“ And man is born to suffer. Cherish'd grief
“ Nor claims compassion, nor deserveth praise.
“ Strive then to calm what now assails your hearts,
“ And think that when a few more volant years
“ On Time's unfatigated wing have flown,
“ Ye'll each, borne far beyond this bustling world,
“ Behold your offspring with archangels join'd.”

His converse somewhat calm'd. He argued long
Upon the bliss their son might now enjoy,
Commix'd with spirits of supernal birth.
All prudent means he practis'd to subdue
The fierce and agonizing gusts of grief,
Which came from either parent. When he saw
Affliction's torrent somewhat check it's course,
He left them with a promise to return

And offer consolation. Here 'twere well
To give a brief account of those who late
Lost their sole hope—an estimable child.

COLIN and GRACE were labourers. The one
Turn'd up the stubborn glebe and reap'd it's fruit;
The other spun the lambkin's velvet fleece.
Poor were they both, but happy, ere the fate
Of youthful EDMUND call'd their sorrow forth.
Throughout the day they toil'd. At ev'ning hour
Ate the mild boon which labour had bestow'd.
Years had elaps'd since marriage made them one,
And yet no child had blest them. One they crav'd,
Nor was their pray'r by Providence unheard.
GRACE to her COLIN bore, tho' late in life,
The son so long desir'd. Young EDMUND grew
In beauty as in years. The village school
Instructed him in all that he could learn
From teachers little able. He could read
And guide the quill with tolerable hand.
Of wish'd instruction he'd obtain'd, 'tis true,
But little portion; still his honest heart
Was free from guile's infection, or the taint
Which spoils the blinded progeny of vice.
He was his parents' darling: but their love
Was properly bestow'd, and well deserv'd.

EDMUND attendant ever on his sire
When labour call'd him, us'd to till the ground,
And ply the works of husbandry. His garb,
Tho' coarse and rustic, and his modest mien,
Tho' bearing somewhat of the ploughman's rust,
Was still design'd to please. His gen'rous mind
Spoke in his open countenance. His tongue
Was it's true echo. He had just attain'd
His sixteenth year, when unexpected Death
In mid career arrested him, and left
His doting parents childless, desolate.

He, in more tender years, had been allow'd
To pass his idle hours in social play
With EGBERT and AMELIA ; and, in sport,
Upon her infant cheek had grant receiv'd
To print the forfeit kiss.—What woes sometimes
From petty causes unexpected spring !—
As 'gan the boy advance to riper years,
Altho' he dar'd not utter what he felt—
His heart admitted Love's too potent shaft.
Tho' young, he smarted at the dang'rous wound.
AMELIA knew it not : herself as yet
Uninfluenc'd by love, she little dream'd
Of EDMUND's passion. Had she done as much,
She would have strove to stifle it; his birth

Much too remote from her's to warrant hopes
 That she should e'er become a peasant's bride.
 EDMUND suspected this, and, like a boy
 Whom foolish whimsies often lead astray,
 Determin'd, by some spirited attempt,
 To gain what merely fault of birth oppos'd.
 Resolv'd, he frequent watch'd the path she trod,
 Expecting opportunity to prove
 How well he merited the love he gave.
 When the fair object that had chain'd his soul,
 And all it's pow'rs engross'd, the streamlet sought,
 And laid her beauteous form it's bank along,
 He, little distant on the farther side,
 Gaz'd on her charms, secure and unobserv'd.
 Her blue—her mildly fascinating eyes,
 As oft they wander'd from her page, were cast
 On the brook's rippling eddy, and infus'd
 A transport into EDMUND's stricken heart.
 At length the frolicsome, unconscious lamb
 Into the current fell. The youth observ'd,
 And plunging after, eager to protect
 The fav'rite of the object he ador'd,
 Found, with the lamb, an unexpected death.
 Here the whole chart of EDMUND's life is drawn!
 He fled from this to seek a better home;
 But left two aged parents to bewail

A loss, to which, on this terraqueous round,
Nought shall be ever found equivalent.

Ye yet of years too tender to explore,
Or comprehend the fluctuating ills
To which, in this terrestrial pilgrimage,
Those who sojourn are constantly expos'd,
Beware the course ye steer ! Nor, 'till hoar Time
Open the tome of sure Experience,
Direct your steps to Love's inviting bow'r !
'Tis there that youth is lost, heedless is quaff'd
The sweetly-tasted but destructive draught,
Till, Reason banish'd, Folly fills the void.
Wait till sufficient years have mark'd their course,
To render firm the heart, and point the mind
To prudence ; gain'd by commerce with that race,
Who, though they bear the form of Deity,
Too oft belie th' august similitude.

EGBERT, on quitting the bewailing pair,
Return'd unto his father, and rehears'd
The consolation he had offer'd them.
The body of the youth was hence convey'd
Unto the parents' dwelling ; there to rest
Till in the bosom of their kindred earth
The relics should be laid. EGBERT the while

Spar'd no exertion, careful to direct
The melancholy funeral. Ere long
The shrouded corpse was ready for the grave.

The second morning, subsequent to that
Which rais'd such turmoil 'neath ALONZO's roof,
Was destin'd for th' interment. Wrapt in gloom
The early sun arose. Clouds pil'd on clouds
Cover'd the darken'd sky. The world appear'd
To feel a universal sympathy.

Early the sad procession left the house
Of pungent sorrow, and, proceeding slow,
Mov'd to the churchyard. In the front were seen
AMELIA and her brother. Next appear'd
The cover'd coffin, on the shoulders borne
Of six young village boys; their hats adorn'd
With bands of vestal white. Behind the corse
The parents of the dead walk'd sorrowful.
They mov'd with slow and melancholy pace
To the drear music of the deep-ton'd bell.
Affliction silent but expressive reign'd,
Save when a mournful interrupting groan
Of agony was heard; and now is gain'd
The open cemetery; and awhile,
With downcast looks, the youthful bearers pause

To lay the cumb'rous load beside the grave,
What labour does th' unanimated clod
Require to drag it to that narrow rest,
Where first thy reign, Eternity, begins!
Here, EDMUND, have thy fellow mortals strain'd
Beneath a load of earth that once was thine,
And dragg'd it to th' impenetrable tomb,
To rot unseen, and sink to worthless mould*.

How sad the scene! The sorrowing parents here,
With hands uplifted tow'rd's the cope of Heav'n,
Seem'd weeping statues; whilst the pious priest,
With deep impressive voice, the service gave.
The ceremony ended, dull and sad
The weeping train proceeded to their homes.
The jocund sexton, whistling as he work'd—
Heedless of fretted skulls that grinn'd around—
Fill'd up in haste the grave, and went his way.

The sequent day sped gloomily along
Within ALONZO's doors. The recent scene
Had made it's inmates sorrowful; but time
Wip'd out the traces and restor'd content.

* See Dr. Dodd's "Reflections on Death."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

EGBERT AND AMELIA.

Part the Second.

"Terroro liber animus."—LIVY.

THE hour approach'd with swift but silent pace,
Which brought the nineteenth birth-day. 'Twas a time
Of gen'ral merriment. ALONZO sole
Appear'd not to partake his children's joy.
They guess'd not at the cause, but thought belike
Some slight indisposition, and essay'd
To chase the frown of sadness from his brow.

The father knew the time advanc'd apace,
When separation, foe to kindred love,
Must rust the link that bound them each to each,
And this it was that caus'd his inward grief.
Long had he mus'd upon the mournful hour
That should the band of union disentwine,

In tacit melancholy. — This was nigh. —
ALONZO of pecuniary store
Had frugal plenty, still he could not give
An *ample* competence to either child.

One eve, emerging from her vestal couch,
And chasing dusky twilight from the world,
The moon beam'd smiling. Silent and alone
The father call'd the obedient son apart,
And thus address'd him. Falt'ringly he spake—

“ My son, we're doom'd to separate. 'Tis meet
“ That I should sacrifice my present joy,
“ And with the staff of my declining age
“ Dispense, for thine advantage. Thou, my boy,
“ Hast long time been the moiety of my hope
“ In this disastrous granary of woes,
“ This world of wailing. Since thy childhood dawn'd
“ 'T has sprinkled constant comforts on my head,
“ And giv'n substantial happiness : but now
“ The world demands thee. Thou must learn to live,
“ To cope with ill, and prize the meed of good.
“ In education, all I could bestow
“ I've shed abundant on thee. Thou hast trod
“ Farther than most in erudition's way.
“ Strive to pursue the track that leads to Fame !

" Her fane tow'rs high, and many a rugged steep
 " Must be adventur'd ere it can be gain'd.
 " 'Tis Knowledge points the way, and firmly link'd
 " With Perseverance, hews herself a path,
 " And if she enter where Renown hath plac'd
 " Th' eternal archives of her fav'rite sons,
 " She finds her own among their names enroll'd,—
 " My child, pursue with industry the road
 " That leads to honour in another life :
 " Select, as guide, Religion ; she'll conduct
 " Thine errant feet to Mercy's hallow'd throne ;
 " And from her fost'ring bosom may'st thou draw
 " The sweetest solace under ev'ry wo.
 " I have not wealth to give thee ; for the mite
 " Which careful Parsimony hath bestow'd,
 " I destine for thy sister : but, my boy,
 " Think not that lack of love prompts this design :
 " She hath no means whatever of support,
 " Therefore must I against that day provide
 " When Death shall claim the debt to Nature due,
 " And rob her of a father. Yet meanwhile
 " For thee I've made provision ; and, I trust,
 " In such wise as shall please thee. Still, my son,
 " If inclination on thy side should fail,
 " I'll not exact obedience ; nor shalt thou
 " Do aught upon compulsion. . Mark me well !

" Nature, I've oft times fancied, when thine eye
" Hath gleam'd at mention of a hero's name,
" Design'd thee for a soldier. Such my thought —
" I've bought thee a commission. — Now go forth,
" Gain Honour's boon, or perish in her cause.
The father paus'd : to whom the worthy son —

" Thy will and Heav'n's be done ! Necessity,
" Tho' harsh her voice, shall not be disobey'd.
" The hue of manhood now o'erspreads my cheek,
" Therefore 'tis time I seize the brittle oar,
" To stem the roaring torrents of the world.
" Long have I liv'd contented ! now's arriv'd
" The warning moment, when I must prepare
" To enter on a doubtful theatre,
" Where characters so different are play'd.
" To lope inactive here, nor mates my wish,
" Nor is consistent with the gen'ral will
" Of man, the hardier sex. But still, to leave
" This peaceful mansion of my early day —
" To quit a sister dear, a dearer sire,
" Will sorely agonize. When comes the hour —
" And comè it shortly must, as Fate hath will'd —
" That I shall tear me from parental arms,
" Within my bosom I shall plant a thorn,
" Which time can ne'er extract, tho' it may blunt. —

" Long I've existed, parent most belov'd,
 " 'Neath thy paternal wing, and heard the storms
 " Of life oft hurtle o'er my infant head —
 " Shielded by thee — but impotent to harm. —
 " Now must I buffet 'gainst a vortex wide,
 " Where thousands ev'ry day are swallow'd up,
 " Eternally destroy'd — if not destroy'd,
 " At least shut ever from the port of BLISS. —
 " But Heav'n so wills; Necessity hath penn'd
 " Within her mystic book that I shall leave
 " All that I love, to view this worldly ball,
 " This den of crimes, this tenement of wo.
 " Howe'er, I'll not resist the trying call.
 " Away then with all womanish complaint,
 " It casts a sick'ning qualm upon the heart.
 " In one short month, my sire, I'll take me hence." —

They parted for the night. The month escap'd
 In preparations for the setting out
 Of EGBERT: hastily it glided by.
 AMELIA, like a lily from the cold,
 The morning dew-drops hanging on it's stem,
 Sunk from the gaze, and drooping, and in tears.
 EGBERT preserv'd a melancholy calm,
 But oft his feelings gave his looks the lie.
 His heart, tho' throbbing with convulsive force,

Chang'd not the stubborn muscles of his face.
Tho' Nature's grief-inspiring throes he felt,
Yet did he never sink below the man ;
Still, 'mid concealing darkness, would the tear
Unbidden rush into his closing eye,
And roll, in silent progress, down his cheek.
ALONZO, bended by the weight of years,
Wanted not firmness. Pensive he beheld,
And oft assisted, the preparatives. —
But the sad thought would frequently arise,
That he should view his parting child no more ;
And for a while his throbbing pulse suspend.
Tho' Time's rude touch had silver'd o'er his head,
Firm were his nerves, his constitution sound —
But who can call one future moment his,
Or say — ' to-morrow I will thus or thus ?'
The month exhausted, brought the dreaded hour
That must this social circle disarrange.

EGBERT prepar'd him for the trying scene,
Assuming manners foreign to his heart.
He kiss'd his sister ; and as on his neck
Her rounded arms in fond embrace she flung,
Forth from her tongue these falt'ring accents came :

“ Farewell, thou-idol of a sister's love !

" What horrible forebodings shock my soul,
 " When I consider life's incertitude,
 " And where 'tis thine to wander. This may be—
 " O, Heav'n belie the fear'd presentiment! —
 " Our last terrestrial intercourse; and soon
 " My parent may be hurried from his child,
 " To take his rest 'mongst archangelic hosts,
 " And leave her on this miserable earth
 " Unknown, unpitied, friendless, desolate."

Here EGBERT interrupted. — " Dry those tears.

" AMELIA, for thy father's sake and mine,
 " Subdue this gush of grief! bind round thy heart
 " Calm Resolution's cincture, and repress,
 " With firm resolve, Distress's overflow,
 " In Providence confide! his guardian care
 " Shall turn the bolt of anguish from thine head,
 " And raise his buckler o'er thee; for to Him
 " The helpless orphan never sues in vain.
 " He has ordain'd, no doubt for some wise end,
 " Although to man's sagacity occult,
 " That we shall quit each other for a while,
 " But we may still find added joys in store.
 " Remember, too, whilst burns the lamp of life,
 " Thy brother, tho' he pace Siberian * wilds,

* The northern parts of Siberia are very thinly inhabited, and almost uncultivated.

“ Or where destructive howls the fierce sinoom,
“ Will ne’er be deaf to his AMELIA’s call. —
“ Should angry Fate deprive thee of a sire,
“ In me shalt thou retrieve him.” EGBERT thus,
And ceasing with a sigh but half suppress’d,
Clasp’d the too lovely mourner in his arms,
And printed on her lips a burning kiss.
He now embrac’d his father, and retir’d.

Throughout this trying scene he had preserv’d
An even calm, that militated sore
Against those torments which his bosom wrung.
Now pour’d the torrents from his loaded eyes
A scalding deluge. Now his active thoughts
Conjur’d up phantoms of imagin’d ill,
And brought beneath his intellectual ken
The track rugose of life. There Fancy’s brush,
Dipt into dark, tho’ unsubstantial hues,
Painted the whole a mass of sullen shade.
Ever the mind, when pensively inclin’d,
Pictures the vital chart with nought but shoals,
Quicksands, and gulfs, and rocks, and whirlpools vast.
EGBERT — his thoughts now set in gloom afloat —
View’d, thro’ Imagination’s plastic eye,
A universe of sorrow unassuag’d.

Thus Meditation, sober-vested maid,

Gave her soft whispers to the ear of thought.

“ What is the world ? a thing which time shall crush,

“ And to it's native elements reduce !

“ What is the lord, the boasted paramount

“ Of this created, uneternal ball ?

“ An atom insignificant, — no more —

“ Of which it is compos'd ! — a nullity !

“ A fraction of a fraction ! next to nought,

“ Compar'd with Him who swell'd him first to form.

“ Coeval with eternity ! The mind

“ Grows dark at contemplation ! — Ere the sun

“ Twice lave his fiery orb in yonder West,

“ I shall be coop'd within the vessel's womb,

“ And buffeting the wave. Destin'd to hold

“ A long career in that uncertain clime,

“ Where, hung self-pois'd in Heav'n's unmeasur'd arch,

“ The orb of light emits a brighter ray —

“ The chances that I never re-embrace

“ A worthy father and a sister dear

“ Are hard — too hard against me. Torn from them,

“ Where shall I search for friendship, rarely found

“ Unsullied in this worldly pilgrimage !

“ Many there are who court it's effigy,

“ And when they view the plausible deceit,

“ Deem the reality within their reach,

“ Nor, 'till beguil'd, detect the specious cheat.

" 'Tis link'd with Hope ; they keep in distant view,
" But fly united at a near approach —
" Mere phantoms both, oft treacherous and false.
" Friendship is nurs'd in Heav'n, and prospers there,
" Nor ever quits those beatific bow'rs ;
" 'Tis but her semblance man perceives on earth,
" A mask'd impostor, full of blackest fraud,
" That oft times belches poison from its throat,
" And hugs but to destroy."

..... His musings ceas'd.

He reach'd the town from whence the daily stage
Takes passengers to Portsmouth. Here he paid
The customary fare, a seat secur'd,
And soon, with heart unquiet, left the town.
At early dawn the vehicle arriv'd,
And EGBERT, straight alighting, sought the beach,
Where he descried that wonderful machine
Which was to bear him to a ruder shore,
Riding majestic on the oozy* surge.
He hir'd a barge, and, all his things secure,
Bade the oars ply, and gain'd the vessel's side.

'Twere needless to recite the various pains,

* The sea always looks muddy near the shore.

Anxieties, and cares, which EGBERT knew,
 During a tedious passage ; but the time
 Spent on board ship was generally dull.
 The vessel good accommodation gave
 To num'rous passengers of either sex ;
 Amongst them six young ladies, aptly trimm'd
 To captivate some dotard's feeble heart,
 Enervate from the influence of age,
 Or India's scorching skies. It is not rare
 That maids long suff'ring, from Chlorosis wan,
 In throngs on speculation quit their homes,
 Where, but without success, they've daily toil'd
 To lure some straggler into marriage bonds,
 And crowd to India's *less ungenial wilds*,
 To gain that preference so long besought
 In England's land *of less civility*.
 When once on Ind's unfriendly soil arriv'd,
 Where the fierce clime man's purer taste perverts,
 They — whilst distressful scarcity prevails
 Of BEAUTY's children — wear the garb of pride,
 Attempting courtly airs, and primly strut
 In stiffness of affected elegance.
 When they've entrapp'd some grey, but monied fool,
 They drain his coffers of the hard-earn'd store,
 And ferret him to death. Tho' novice yet
 In all the shifts of feminine caprice,

Still EGBERT mark'd, with laudable disgust,
His female shipmates' frequent fantasies.
He view'd them ever with observant eye,
But mingled little in their company. —
After a lapse of five fatiguing months,
Appear'd the shores of India. At the sight
A strange emotion struck on EGBERT's heart,
But lasted for a moment. — When arriv'd,
He quick assum'd the military badge.
Nor was it long before the brazen trump
Of fierce Bellona call'd him to the field.
Ardent he hasten'd, and from Glory's hand
Receiv'd repeated laurels; for his soul,
By Emulation's brightest fires impell'd,
Grasp'd at the noblest coronet of Fame.

He pass'd a twelvemonth in this fervent clime,
Nor met with aught particularly strange.
He found abundant leisure, and his time
Was never idly squander'd. Books beguil'd
The ling'ring hours. He found much matter here
To occupy a mind to musing giv'n.
Much he remark'd upon the characters
Of those with whom he mingled: but, alas!
Discover'd few trust-worthy. Self alone
Engross'd supreme regard. No thought, no care

Of others' weal or sorrow ever touch'd
The rigid hearts of those with whom he mix'd.

Too true it is, that those who leave their homes
For Ind's inhospitable wilds, forget
All Nature's charities. In that gay hour,
When adolescence strengthens tow'rd's the man,
Quitting parental guidance, forth they launch,
Unbridled by authority, and seek
This land of luxury, where EVIL 'bides,
And e'er constructs her dwelling-house. Arriv'd—
Govern'd by no restraint, no timely check
Prudentially oppos'd,—they hurry forth,
And plunging into Dissipation's well,
Tumble and flounder, 'till at last they sink
Into the choking filth, to rise no more.
How many are there lost in early life,
By taking on themselves too soon to guide
The bark of BEING thro' a cunning world !
Whilst sailing eager down the dubious stream,
Blinking Imprudence seats him at the helm,
And active Folly, pressing all her sails,
Oft strikes the shallop on a hostile shore,
And—mocking—leaves it at the last a wreck.

EGBERT perceiv'd this melancholy truth,

And sigh'd to think that Profligacy held
Such potent sway o'er earth's more tender sons:

Oft wand'ring from the hum of revelry,
And pausing from reflection, he'd exclaim : —
“ How truly did my father draw the map
“ Of this perplexing world ! and truly tell
“ How profligate it's children ! Ah ! my sire,
“ Since from the bosom of my native glen
“ And thy protecting arms I tore me sad,
“ Scarce a brief moment have I pass'd of joy,
“ Like those, unhappy seldom, spent with thee. —
“ Here, like an idiot, toiling to secure
“ The laughing moon's reflection from the stream,
“ I labour ev'ry hour to gain a friend,
“ Such as a father taught me first to know,
“ But to no purpose labour. Whilst around
“ I gaze with searching eye, what meets my view ?
“ A waste confus'd ; where nothing is descried,
“ Save the too various follies of mankind !
“ Some think them happy to get drunk and die,
“ Or with bibaceous fellows measure out
“ In revelry and rout the dull slow day :
“ Others to rob the honest of their store,
“ And plunder those they call their creditors.

" From man I turn my fatigued view
 " Upon the adverse sex — but what are they?
 " Oft senseless, insignificant, and proud!
 " *Here* what a sample of the softer race!
 " Their company is barter'd. He who hopes—
 " In this rude land*, unaptly styl'd of weal—
 " To hold respectful converse with the FAIR,
 " For their society must give exchange
 " Of fulsome flattery, and lie their praise.
 " Just as a baby bellows for a toy
 " They cry for gold; which, as it meets their touch,
 " Turns their unstable colour to it's own.
 " Is it the clime that thus depraves their hearts?
 " I will not think so harshly of the race,
 " As to deem woman ev'ry where alike:
 " My mother bore that interesting name,
 " And, whilst I've still a sister form'd so pure,
 " For both their sakes I'll venerate the sex."

EGBERT became disgusted with the clime,
 Where he'd adventur'd, in an evil hour,
 Expectant of advantage. Days and months
 Roll'd on apace, but brought no better change.

Now the sole solace which his mind evinc'd—

• India.

Sunder'd from all that claim'd his reverence—
Was letters from his parent; in the which
He read his sister's welfare, of content
Again her bosom's inmate.—But, alas!
Even this pleasure oft was dash'd with pain:—
When doth it miss to follow close on joy?—
The letters which the kind old father wrote
Were full of sad forebodings. Ever thus,
When years the first grand Climacter bring on,
The man of age is aptly prone to fear
That Death is close at hand. ALONZO now—
Tho' uninfirm, and still of healthful frame—
Thought that his days were nearly at the full;
And oft, when he address'd his worthy son,
Would touch, in feeling and pathetic phrase,
Upon a circumstance he fancied nigh.

The son, whene'er those letters met his view,
Read them in sadness where the writer dwelt
On themes unjoyful. Fair AMELIA, too,
Ne'er miss'd an opportunity to send
Glad tidings to her brother. Looking on,
Thro' Hope's perspective, to the future joy
Of meeting him she lov'd with kindred warmth,
She wrote in lively vein; unknowing now
What fearful casts blind Fortune's hand might throw.

EGBERT, in answer, from his honest heart
 Discarded selfish thought ; nor told his sire
 Or lovely sister all the pains he knew.
 Aware 'twould crush, or interrupt their peace
 To hear he was unhappy, he refrain'd
 From matters that might work to either grief.
 He spoke in terms sufficiently content
 Of men and manners, which his daily sight
 Perceiv'd so vile, nor worthy of repute ;
 Dwelt on the various marches he had made
 Thro' stranger countries : of the diff'rent modes,
 Customs, and practices of each ; their forms
 Of daily worship, their religious rites.
 Oft he'd describe the antiquated domes
 And wondrous excavations which abound
 Throughout this eastern continent. 'Twas thus
 The prudent son considerately wrote,
 To furnish pleasure to a sire rever'd.

Two years had now elaps'd since EGBERT left
 ALONZO's cottage. Merit gain'd him much.
 In regimental honours he'd advanc'd
 Already high, yet not without desert.
 But one lieutenant rested o'er his head,
 And he had reason promptly to expect
 The rank of captain ; but a cankrous bar

Gall'd him in his progression. Envy foul,
With undeserving Jealousy and Hate,
In curs'd assemblage, kept before his way,
To turn his steps from Honour's laurel'd road.

The man, beneath whose recreant command
'Twas his unwelcome fortune to be plac'd,
Heard of his rising fame with jealousy.
EGBERT, whene'er War's clarion was wound,
Follow'd the clamour with an eager pace,
And reap'd abundant laurels: but his fame
Gain'd him, unwish'd, a foe implacable.
His Col'nel hated him; and ev'ry means
That malice could suggest, or envy prompt,
He put in force to ruin EGBERT's hopes.
As the too crafty monster of the Nile
Assumes Distress's penetrative moan,
To lure the pitying trav'ller to his death,
So he the hook of subtle Spite would bait,
And aided by Hypocrisy's smooth tone,
Strive to insnare whom Virtue made his foe.
EGBERT beheld him with the glance of scorn;
But swerving never from his harsh commands,
Secure he held him from the tyrant's rage.
This could not ever last; for, like the wolf
Mar'd of his prey, he bent his scheming mind

To force the stripling, in the chase of blood,
To some imprudent action. Thus were gain'd
Those ends, the base accomplishment of which
Th' ungen'rous coward had so frequent plann'd.

Ere dawn of day 't had been sometimes his use
To have his reg'ment out upon parade
Arm'd at all points, accoutred to perform
Their 'custom'd evolutions. Undesign'd,
EGBERT one morning chanc'd to overstay
The hour appointed ; coming on the ground
A point of time too tardy ; but arriv'd
Before the reg'ment had commenc'd it's march *.
The Col'nel, in the terms of worst reproach,
Censur'd his disobedience : calm the while,
With mien respectful, he commenc'd excuse :
When his commander, redd'ning into rage,
Smote him upon the cheek †. Th' indignant youth

* A parade is generally begun by the regiment marching round in order of review.

† This may be an unprecedented circumstance ; but still, I think, not a very improbable one. It is pretty well known to every subaltern officer, both in the army and navy, the coarse and indelicate modes of address adopted often by commanding officers, and the low and ungentlemanly menaces frequently made use of by them.

Unsheath'd his sword, and, bidding him prepare,
Pierc'd the pale coward's breast—a bold return,
With justice consentaneous.—At the thrust
The crest-fall'n scoffer cried aloud for help,
But not before the blade had drank his gore.
EGBERT beheld his rude commander fall,
But saw regardless: still his fever'd cheek
Glow'd at the stroke; the blood was boiling there;
And what shall honest Anger's heat allay,
By a rude buffet kindled! Where's the man
That dares upraise Presumption's threat'ning arm,
To smite, without just cause, a fellow man,
That should escape, if right were well observ'd,
Retaliation's punishment?—A blow!
The patient *Ass* will scarcely bear a blow!—
Should a Prince dare to strike an Innocent,
If not reveng'd, that Innocent is base*.

Th' offender was secur'd; his recent act
He was aware would draw upon him down

* It is by no means here meant to commend a savage revenge for every injury, but merely that no man of independent spirit should allow any of his species to offer him insult, without showing a manly and becoming resentment, and insisting on a proper reparation.

The dread award of death. Still undismay'd
He calmly suffer'd those around him throng'd
—A num'rous escort—to conduct him thence
To cheerless durance: thus to be confin'd,
Until that awful doom should be pronounc'd
Which martial law in such a case decrees.

Meanwhile the wounded suff'rer languish'd on:
In drear uncertainty. His wound was deep,
But nothing mortal; for the griding blade
Had not made way thro' any vital part.
After a month of anguish well deserv'd,
Becoming convalescent, he desir'd
To hear the trial of the man he'd wrong'd;
Wishing, if possible, to contravene
Aught that might hap to favour him; so tight
The cords of malice twisted round his heart.
EGBERT before the martial court appear'd,
Compos'd of many favor'd tow'rds him well,
And some who will'd him injury. He came
Nor pale nor flush'd—but steady and compos'd.
He heard his trial: not a muscle mov'd
Of his unalter'd countenance. When ask'd
If he had aught to offer in defence,
He calm replied; “ Defence is needless here!
“ My cheek grew fervent 'neath a ruffian blow,

“ And where’s the man, whose thigh a sword sustain’d,
“ Would stagger at an undeserved stroke,
“ And not withdraw the weapon from it’s sheath
“ To smite the proud insulter ? Thus did I,
“ And had I fifty lives, and ev’ry life,
“ If I again did thus, would forfeit be
“ To the stern rigour of my country’s laws,
“ Each would I give in willing sacrifice
“ To blast the man that dar’d to do me wrong.
“ If ev’ry bold presumptuous son of pow’r
“ May cast the spleen of Calumny abroad,
“ And with impunity inflict a blow,
“ Life is not worth the tenure. I’ve no more.
“ My sentence now untroubled I await,
“ Nor ask for mitigation.” Ceasing here,
He cast his animated eyes around,
Nor droop’d them as his ears receiv’d his doom.
The charge was mutiny, the sentence — Death.
On the third day from this he was condemn’d
(As for such acts the custom) to be shot.

Throughout the trial, he, who’d been the cause
Of all this tumult, seated in his chair,
Eagerly gaz’d upon the passing scene,
And gave the grin of satisfaction oft
As EGBERT’s steady eye oppos’d his own.

He answer'd all the questions of the court
With a triumphant promptness, and call'd forth
A num'rous train of witnesses to prove
A fact too palpable to be denied.

He set at work the crooked imps of Spite
To injure him, then trying for his life,
In th' estimation of the crowd conven'd ;
And, when the bus'ness of the court was done,
In whispers jeer'd him with unmanly taunts.
Thus when the soaring hawk has lost his wing,
The pert jackdaw hops insolently round,
And caws securely at the bird it fears.

Unanswer'd, EGBERT heard him ; scorning now
To notice one who recreantly fear'd
To meet him on terms equal. Sentence past,
He was conducted back from whence he came,
And left to meditation. Thus he mus'd :

“ How great a stir in this unlovely world
“ Is made by erring man ! A little while
“ Upon this planetary ball he's plac'd,
“ In meet probation for a purer sphere ;
“ But, heedless of the cause for which he came
“ Into this joyless world, he bounds along
“ Upon the car of enervating Vice,
“ And dies disgusted at his own corruption !
“ How oft he drinks from Folly's mingled cup

- “ A potion deletery, and by time
“ Falls unexpected by the sithe of Death!
“ Garbage of little worth when once o’erta’en
“ By Him who opes the gate of Heav’n or Hell!
“ He little recks his insufficiency
“ To His inscrutable unmeasur’d eye,
“ Which at a glance can pierce the central orbs
“ That hang self-balan’d in the cope above,
“ And reach through all th’ unmeasur’d vast of Space.
“ ’Twould seem nathless this shadow of an hour,
“ This proud Corruption, born but to decay :
“ Man, insignificant, quick-passing man
“ Was form’d for vast pre-eminence. How oft
“ This little atom, from his native clod
“ Arising, vested in the robes of Pride,
“ Exalts his crest, and with the frown of Pow’r
“ Tramples his weaker fellows to the earth!
“ But a brief while, and this revolving sphere
“ Shall crumble, like a block of fretted stone,
“ And all it’s scatter’d particles return
“ Into the womb of Chaos! All must end!
“ Nor need I care how soon my soul’s a-wing,
“ Since here contentment is so little known.
“ Life’s but a monochord, nor long the thread
“ Can stretch unsuapt! Mine now is nearly drawn
“ As high as it will bear! — Awhile farewell,

- “ Ye giddy sporting pageants of a day !
 “ I’ve run my course among ye, and shall soon
 “ Be—where man’s pride is humbled—in the grave.
 “ Thanks to that firmness parent Nature deigns,
 “ Death to my view gives nothing terrible ;
 “ I’ll bend my body to the final stroke,
 “ Nor cast one ‘ longing, ling’ring look behind.’ ”

The fatal morn with rapid progress came,
 Which—ere the west’ring sun should sink his wain
 Behind yon hills, to give her rule to night—
 Was fix’d for Death’s accomplishment. Betimes
 EGBERT, arising from a tranquil sleep,
 Beheld the gray dawn break and open wide
 The road to hast’ning day. He left his couch,
 And shaking off mild Slumber’s lethargy,
 Compos’d his mind for that approaching end
 Which awfully awaited him. He knelt,
 And offer’d up a fervent pray’r to Him
 Who snatcheth man from this unhallow’d scene,
 To give him the felicitous exchange
 Of happiness eternally secure.
 In accents thus, devout the Christian pray’d :

- “ Beneficent Disposer of my life !
 “ I bow me down in reverential awe,

“ To thank thee for thy mercies to me here,
“ And at thy footstool supplication breathe
“ For length of blessing in the life to come.
“ Thy nod directeth Destiny, and I
“ Gladly obey the will that’s from above !
“ From that pollution, Lord, refine my soul
“ Which ’t has contracted here, and to my death,
“ As to a friend, I shall regretless go,
“ Who, of my weal regardful, offers me
“ A speedy rescue from unceasing coil.
“ Gird round my heart Submission’s downy zone,
“ And fortify my mind to bear the stroke—
“ Which shall emancipate my trammell’d soul,
“ And mount it high on Inspiration’s wings—
“ With firmness that shall shrink not ; for I’d fain
“ Show the surviving multitude that Death
“ Is only dreadful to the coward heart.
“ God of all might ! thy searching eyes cast down
“ Upon a sinful penitent below,
“ Who, of thy mercy confident, relies
“ For that content, to mortals never known.
“ Less for myself I’d claim thy bounteous care,
“ Than for mine aged father and his child.
“ When I’m no more a frail sojourner here,
“ Extend thy goodness tow’rds them, nor permit
“ The end of EGBERT to work either ill !”

His supplication ended, he arose,
 Waiting th' expected signal to attend.
 The place of execution; still the time
 Was not allow'd to glide unoccupied.
 The glass of Life was running hasty down—
 But a few grains of precious sands were left,
 Which were about to tremble on the fall
 Into that unimaginable depth,
 Where e'en the speculative mind of man
 Is ever toss'd, unknowing where to rest.
 He spent the swiftly gliding interval
 Betwixt Existence and Eternity.
 In scanning o'er the words of Holy Writ
 And off'ring pray'r. Thus, ere the messenger—
 The gloomy summoner to fate arriv'd,—
 He was so firm, so solemnly prepar'd,
 That not a sigh his lighten'd breast escap'd.
 He heard the door unbar, and unperturb'd
 Return'd his salutation, who announc'd
 The moment of his end in nigh advance.

At six—the hour appointed for his fall—
 He was conducted forth. With steady pace
 He march'd betwixt the guards, and soon arriv'd
 Where he was doom'd to suffer. Drawn in line

The reg'ment stood. Each vet'ran soldier seem'd
To bear the tear of pity in his eye:
And what so valued to the gen'rous mind
As the benignant tribute of a tear
Staining the warrior's cheek! This EGBERT felt,
And at the sight his heart, unmov'd before,
Swell'd 'gainst his side, and palpitating strong,
Drew forth the trickling crystal from his eye.

EGBERT was well belov'd. His worthy deeds
Had gain'd him universal preference
Amongst those soldiers who compos'd the corps.
As officer, he never was austere
To those of rank beneath him. He inclin'd
To all in courtesy, save only such
Whose actions warranted a harsher mode.
When in the dubious chance of noisy war
An honest fellow sunk beneath a wound,
He'd often bear him from the bloody field;
And, when the well-contested strife was o'er,
Attend him brotherly; for frigid Pride
Ne'er held asylum within EGBERT's breast
When Pain besought Benevolence's aid.
But tho' he challeng'd general regard,
Still none of uncommission'd rank presum'd

At free companionship.—Thus, whilst he gain'd
The love of all whose love was aught of worth,
He fix'd that meek respect none dar'd withhold.

Now was the moment for the victim's fall.
Six men were chosen for the dreadful act
Of levelling the loud destructive tube
Against his forfeit life. When order'd forth,
Neither would stir him from the serried line;
And suffer'd willing for compassion show'd
Tow'rs one so highly valued. Other six
Were then selected, chosen amongst those
Most unesteem'd as soldiers: one alone
Among the number was of fair repute.
Forth from the ranks these ministers advanc'd
To execute Death's purpose. Now the drum,
Muffled and sad, an awful knell commenc'd.
EGBERT, regardless, cast around his eyes
In fix'd expression on the solemn scene,
And bade them hasten Fate's severe decree.
His coffin was before him; on it's lid
He plac'd his knees unagitated; now
The linen bandage fasten'd round his brows,
And all things ready, undismay'd he dropt
The signal handkerchief—the volley fir'd,

And the brave youth, by three quick bullets pierc'd,
Fell on the thirsty plain a reeking corse,
And Earth incarnadin'd with bubb'ling gore.

Ere from the fire dispers'd the dark'ning smoke,
Stretch'd upon earth the Col'nel was descried,
Gasping in Death's last agony. His breast
Show'd where a well-directed ball had struck.
The soldier forc'd to charge for EGBERT's fall,
Had 'gainst the fierce oppressor turn'd his aim,
From whom he'd undeservedly receiv'd
Injurious treatment. He confess'd the fact,
And in due season suffer'd for his crime.

Thus perish'd EGBERT! but in death was giv'n
Justice retributive. That son of Pow'r,
Who, taking rude advantage of the badge
That screen'd him oft from punishment too due,
Found at the last that chastisement deserv'd.
On this sad scene I'll drop the curtain down,
And turn once more to good ALONZO's glen.

Long after the departure of his child
The father tasted sadness; for he knew
What a rough road the wand'rer has to tread,

When, to prudential counsel unexpos'd,
 Self-biass'd, he commences his career.
 That oft in clambering some tow'ring steep,
 To gaze upon a phantom at it's top,
 The silly straggler tumbles from the height,
 And, in Confusion's circling eddies tost,
 Falls unexpected in Destruction's web :
 Or gliding down on Folly's muddy stream,
 Leaves his trim pinnacle to the current's course,
 And in some heedless moment overturns.
 That oft the sails by Pleasure's breezes swell'd,
 The helm in Luxury's misguiding hand,
 Loaded with furtive fruits of dang'rous taste—
 Waft the frail bark upon a shoal unseen,
 And leave it to the fury of the surge.

AMELIA too, for many passing weeks,
 Felt all the grief of which a tender heart
 Is easily susceptible. She thought—
 And as the sad unwelcome thought arose
 Upon her musing mind, the tear would rush
 Unbidden down her cheek—that she had ta'en
 A long farewell of EGBERT; yet ne'er dreamt
 How sorrowful an end was to be his.
 Despondency, for some continued while,

Dwelt unsuppress'd beneath the lowly roof
Where old ALONZO and his daughter liv'd :
But EGBERT's letters chas'd the old away,
And by degrees to each restor'd content.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

EGBERT AND AMELIA.

Part the Third.

“ He had a double face.”—SPENCER.

NIGH to the vale a wealthy yeoman dwelt,
Of large estate and reputable name,
Who but short time had here held residence.
He had an only son, not long come down
From proud Augusta's captivating hold.
A youth well bred ; not coarse or rudely giv'n ;
Of person comely ; form'd in graceful mould,
And calculate to strike a female eye
With admiration. Aply skill'd to please,
No casual opportunity escap'd
When to a just advantage he might show
The various benisons which Nature gave.
He bore that polish granted but to those
Whom lib'ral Education favoureth.

Nor had he let Tuition idly pass
Without large share of profit drawn from thence.
Much had he read, and was instruct beyond
What mediocrity of sense could boast.
His conversation had peculiar grace :
He wrote with elegance ; adjoin'd to which
He was well vers'd in literary lore.
Nor was he slighted by the MAIDS OF SONG :
Contrariwise, they dealt him fav'rably,
And oft the lively product of his muse
Was elegant and flatt'ring. — Such he was
In show exterior : but his heart, too light
To merit trust, made him of those despis'd
Who wage with vanity eternal war.
Yet was he deem'd an interesting toy,
A pretty plaything, by those sportive few,
Of Beauty's smirking guild, who hold it apt
To have a well-dress'd coxcomb of a beau,
To follow like a lacquey at their heels,
Flatter their whims and listen to their prate,
Or hold discourse jejune on dice and cards.

Oft, whilst in London, had he paid his court
To dames of notoriety ; obtain'd
Their glance of approbation ; and, at length,
Pamper'd by adulation, in disgust

Left them, to seek elsewhere for better praise.
Such was young CONRADE! Like the painted wasp,
Of colour bright and pleasing to the eye,
But carrying hidden poison. In his breast
Conscience in embryo lay; whilst Principle—
That wheel unspoil'd by rust, which ever moves
In best accordance, that august machine
By man so oft misguided — dormant there
Was held, in base inaction. Self his God—
No sordid son of Mammon ever prov'd
More despicably covetous of gold
Than he of pleasure. He might fairly rank
Among that tribe of Cosmopolitans,
Who deem the world was made alone for them,
And often, in defiance bold or right,
Steal from Enjoyment's boughs forbidden fruit.
Profoundly crafty, with the crowd he pass'd
For other far than Nature had design'd.
At first, on flying from the nightly din
Of city wassailers; he felt the time—
Now without fellows in his father's halls—
Hang somewhat heavy, and his heart awhile
Grew sad: but this quick vanish'd, for his mind
Soon drew from books that undefin'd delight,
Which nought alike can furnish. He was fond,
Tho' volatile, of classical research.

To him the country now was novelty,
 And gave much grateful pastime. Sped the morn
 In study or in sport. He'd frequent stroll
 Among the neighb'ring hills in silent mood,
 And, seated 'neath the covert of an oak,
 Draw from his pocket Maro's matchless work,
 Of stamp immortal, and intent peruse
 Th' instructive Georgica.

..... One summer morn,
 As often wont, he stroll'd him forth to muse;
 And wand'ring onward, heedless of the way,
 Reach'd the small vale where stood ALONZO's cot.
 He gain'd the humble dwelling, ere he knew —
 By some delighting narrative engross'd —
 How far his feet had borne him. Sire and child
 Were seated at their threshold, side by side,
 Exchanging grateful converse. CONRADE still
 Kept on the volume his attentive eyes,
 Until the nigh approach unto his ear
 Convey'd the sounds colloquial. He heard,
 And rais'd his head, when his unconscious gaze
 Fell on AMELIA's form : his piercing eyes
 Were instant rivetted : intent he view'd,
 Ineffably surpris'd, as if his ken
 Were fix'd on Fancy's phantom. Scarce he knew

Whether to think reality was there ;
 Or if the charm, which met his eager view,
 Were not some airy unsubstantial form,
 Such as in dreams Imagination shapes.
 Recover'd from surprise, he made advance,
 And off'ring meet apology, desir'd
 To be inform'd to whom might appertain
 The circumambient glebe. In formal guise,
 Yet tolerant, ALONZO made reply,
 And satisfied his questions. He ere long,
 By apt discourse of winning interest,
 Gain'd on the old man's favour. They convers'd
 In little space more free and unrestrain'd.
 After a visit of sufficient length
 He took departure, big with dire resolve.

As homeward CONRADE wended, on his mind,
 In fair Proportion's mould symmetric, grew
 The lately witness'd love-inspiring form
 Of the secluded damsel ; and his soul
 Felt glow the flame of cormorant Desire.
 " Who would have deem'd," the ardent youth exclaim'd,
 " A paragon of such transcendent grace
 " Should hold her dwelling in a place so rude ?
 " Oft have I smil'd when fabulous romance
 " Has told of some fair world-sequester'd maid,

“ Cast on a dull and solitary waste,
“ Where none but clowns beheld her : but the smile
“ Was only proof of letter'd ignorance :
“ Reflection might have told me, long ere now,
“ That gems most valued lie the most conceal'd ;
“ And that the rough and unfrequented heath
“ Oft harbours shrubs and flow'rs of brightest hues.
“ Does not the snow-drop, fairest flow'r that grows,
“ Lift up it's modest, though unblushing head,
“ Upon the rugged wild ? Ye city gaudes,
“ Who, like tall tulips, thrive the best in dung,
“ Flaunting in silks and robes of various web,
“ Form'd in the looms of China or Cashmeer*,
“ Thro' London's filth, I bid ye now farewell.
“ Give me the bloom of unobstructed health ;
“ The fragrant rose-bud on the dimpling cheek
“ Where cank'ring malady hath never lurk'd.
“ How could I — fool the while — endure so long
“ The tribe of puppets, who the city swarm,
“ And not explore Pan's more benign domain,
“ In search of sweets his woodlands ever yield.
“ Who that could pluck two flow'rs, unlike in hue,
“ Giv'n to select, would hesitate to choose
“ Betwixt the dandelion and the rose ? ”

* Here are made the best Indian shawls.

Thus ponder'd CONRADE, as in tardy march
He measur'd back the path he lately trod.
The carnal poison of corrupting lust
Had trickled to his heart. His teeming mind
Brooded in secret on some dev'lish scheme
To wrench the hinge of Innocence away,
And steal the rarest gem by Virtue own'd.
In damn'd expedients fruitful—having gain'd
Intelligence of good ALONZO's birth,
His fortune, friends, connexions,—he resolv'd
To play the hypocrite; to fawn and lie,
To swear affection to AMELIA's ear—
And offer marriage, by the tongue of craft,
As a mere feint to gain illicit ends.
On any purpose once but firmly bent,
'Gainst ev'ry stubborn obstacle he strove,
And push'd on dauntless, ne'er to be deterr'd.
He judg'd AMELIA's mind, in wiles untaught,
Would likely close Suspicion's lurid eye,
Nor deem him base, to her as yet unknown
The foul depravities of human kind.
Upon her artless innocence he built
The sure foundation of his plot, now swell'd
To consequence within him. He conceiv'd
By studied usage to secure her love,

And then to plunder that, which, rifled once,
Vain ev'ry human effort to restore.

As CONRADE left ALONZO's peaceful rest,
He sought his home, intent on purpose dire.
So to his garret in the morning hies
The midnight prowler; his hard heart distent
With bloody schemes of future butchery.
He cherish'd in his heart the curs'd resolve
To sap the stem where Innocence and Youth
Grew beautifully twin'd.

.....Forth from this time
He paid his frequent visits to the vale,
And all his idler moments there beguil'd;
Acknowledg'd, ere 'twas long, a welcome guest.
His conduct tow'rd AMELIA at the first
Was distant but respectful: soon he grew,
Tho' more familiar, never unpolite.
His scheme with caution, infamously wise,
The man of guilt pursued, — upon his guard
Never to give occasion of offence
By bold advances or presumptuous speech.
To the kind sire he show'd such fair regard,
As could not fail to challenge a return.

By means thus sinister he shortly gain'd
Upon the maiden's heart. The crafty wolf
So circumspectly wore the fleecy garb,
That soon th' unconscious lamb, mistrusting nought,
Caress'd the foe that sought it's overthrow.

The father,—once of penetrative eye,
The quicker rays of sight now quench'd by years,—
Look'd on young CONRADE with a goodly glance
Of kind approval. He esteem'd the youth
In sense, the common measure far beyond,
And thought—for once unhappily deceiv'd—
That in his breast the spark of Virtue glow'd,
With lustre undeprav'd.—The wily foe
Perceiv'd the fair impression, and attent
The old man's love preserv'd.—Days, weeks elaps'd,
But the delinquent CONRADE, unfatigu'd
Of quiet life, from blaring rout exempt—
Far distant from the bustle of the town—
Continu'd daily to frequent the vale.
Long had he been a welcome visitant,
Where first his presence—better e'er so thought—
Was deem'd intrusion. His correct address
Pleas'd the deluded inmates of the cot,
Where Vice's masked face had never lurk'd;

Till he, with foot impure, the roof defil'd,
Who long had rank'd among her subtlest sons.

Where is the sage that may not be misled
By the false gestures of Hypocrisy ?
Like the sly beast that lolls it's slimy tongue,
To lure the sportive insects to their death ;
Or siren foes that sing their prey to fate —
His fawning brood, with words of honied note
Beguile, in evil hour, whom caution leaves,
And hurl to ruin where they meet success.

The vile projector, CONRADE, now assum'd
That tone, to Innocence destructive oft —
Which, pure itself, suspects not others base —
To blight, of Chastity, the growing bud,
And leave her branch to wither. He perceiv'd
His progress daily stretching tow'rd's success,
But govern'd him with such consummate art,
That none suspected what he wish'd to hide.

Sometimes, AMELIA hanging on his arm,
He'd stroll along the green ; invoking now
Erato's aid, with well-accustom'd hand
Pencil some happy stanza — she the theme.

Such he'd present with modest-seeming glance,
 Whilst she receiv'd the tribute with a blush,
 And guarded it secure : but thus approach'd
 The yawning pitfall, dug so passing sure,
 That matron penetration would have fail'd
 To mark were op'd the gulf.

..... Beside the maid
 The libertine would take his frequent seat,
 And — as his destin'd victim plied the thread —
 Recite from Thomson's uncorrupted page,
 And praise the easy graces of his song.
 Sometimes — whilst Pity seem'd to force her sigh —
 In manly tho' melodious tone he'd give
 Those woes which tells so sweet the Irish bard
 In his "Deserted Village," — or the scenes
 Of Dutch* design within the "Borough" read ;
 Pursue the vicious course of Peter Grimes ;
 Dwell on the attic Poet's charms minute,
 And please his list'ner by his taste and sense.

* I believe it is generally held as opinion, that the principal characteristic feature in the paintings of the Dutch chromatic artists, is a correct minuteness, combined with an interesting simplicity.

Venomous Basilisk, 'twas thus he gain'd
That love so basely coveted ! The maid,
Unconscious of the snare prepar'd so nigh,
Suffer'd her heart to melt by slow degrees,
And gave that love so despicably sought.

Oft have I mark'd the warbling bird alight
Upon a blossom'd twig, of aspect fair ;
Where the shrewd fowler had with heed prepense
Spread thick the glu'tnous toil, and dispossess'd
Of pow'r to leave the too deceptive spray,
Find, where it sought repose, a wretched death.
Just so too oft with those of fairer stamp !
Some pretty object captivates their eye,
They hurry tow'rds it with imprudent speed —
Struck by the outward beauty there display'd —
And meet destruction where they seek for joy.

Here let loud barking Obloquy be dumb,
And let the snarling Prude her rage restrain,
Nor hurl malicious Censure's ranc'rous shaft,
Where the mild balm of Pity should be giv'n.
Let her remember that th' unpractis'd maid,
Chief subject now of this incondite lay,
Had never seen the face deform'd of Vice,

Had never gaz'd but upon Virtue's form ;
 That all she knew of criminal misdeed
 What she had learn'd from a parental tongue.
 She deem'd that Wickedness, to ev'ry eye,
 Show'd it's own character, nor once conceiv'd
 The sons of Guilt with aspect fair endued.
 Ye scoffers at your sex' infirmities
 Stop your bold tongues, nor give to slander way.

Ye of that race whom Heav'n hath form'd so fair,
 Oft-times your greatest enemy on earth
 Is he, from whom ye're bound to seek support ;
 Prime of God's works, the vicious creature — Man.
 Look on his smiles with caution, nor confide
 Too much in what he utters : if he swear,
 Mistrust the oath, for oaths are treacherous.
 Since our great Parent's fall from blessedness,
 His nature's grown corrupt. Prone to deceit,
 In act inconstant, pleas'd when he betrays,
 He's seldom worth reliance. If he talk
 Of ardent love in animated tone,
 Sound his light heart, but trust him not too far.
 Love, undefil'd by passionate desire,
 Is modest, timid, distant, scrupulous ;
 Casts the eye downward ; bears the tim'rous blush ;

Restless, uneasy; studying to please,
Yet fearing most offence, it oft'ner seems
Retiring, meek — than warm and passionate.
But when the breast's by carnal will corrupt,
'Tis oft-times vented forth on bended knees,
And full of protestation, oaths inane;
The cheek is cover'd with a burning blush;
Whilst the eye, sparkling like a diamond light,
Reflects the naughty purpose of the soul.
Spotless Affection casts no studied leer,
Or bears the hue of passion on it's cheek:
When the blood mantles there, 'tis perfect sign
That foul cupidity the heart usurps.—
Woman! think often ere you trust to man!
Cease here dull precept, and advance my tale.

CONRADE perceiv'd his deep-laid plots mature,
And waiting execution. Lov'd alike —
Although in diff'rent manner and degree —
By child and parent, he conceiv'd it time
To urge the consummation of his hopes.
Like the poor insect by the lizard's eye
Is fascinated, that it waits it's fate
And meets destruction, impotent to flee,
Did our unheedful fair one — wo the while! —

By the seducer's deadly glance allur'd,
Suffer incessant his disguis'd approach—
Then uninform'd how sore the asp could sting.

One day, as common, at ALONZO's cot,
The beauty of the weather — for the sun
Had drank the damps of morning from the green —
Induc'd the basking spoiler to propose
A ramble o'er the hills. The modest maid,
Unconscious of his object, took his arm,
And both in tardy movement pac'd the lawn,
He soon began, in well selected phrase,
A theme, which, to AMELIA's ready ear,
Was nought ungrateful. In expressive tone
He told his love, and offer'd her in charge
His hand, his heart, and all his worldly store.

Some may demand, why such o'er cautious heed
To steal the precious treasure from a breast,
Where love had lodg'd and made an easy prey?
But CONRADE, skill'd in nature as in guile,
Well knew that Virtue is not to be gain'd
But by deep crafts, the most occultly play'd;
By snares, so cautious and adroitly cast
As e'en to lull asleep Suspicion's eyes —
More num'rous than to Juno's fabled watch

In antetimes was giv'n,—clos'd night nor day.
As rare Asbestos fire's vast pow'r defies,
So native virtue is not to be crush'd
By any mal-schem'd practices of art! —
Her force resists all undisguis'd attack,
Nor aught but accents such, as erst betray'd
Man's gen'ral mother—accents colubrine—
Can draw the matron from her calm retreat;
Who—tho' attack'd and worsted oftentimes —
Can never be destroy'd. This CONRADE knew;
Well judging that precipitous advance
Might blast his rising hopes, and tumble him
At once from Expectation's dazzling height
Deep into Disappointment's dim profound,
He pav'd his way so sily for success,
That the quick sight —almost infallible —
Of vigilant Duenna would have fail'd
To pierce the long premeditated fraud,

For many reasons, such as villains form,
Did CONRADE offer marriage. His smooth speech
Assisted him to paint his passion's force
With eloquence, resistless to a heart
That had receiv'd the honied shaft of love.
He call'd to witness all th' unearthly Pow'ra
How stable his affection; fix'd so firm,

That Death alone could 'radicate the trace,
 The lovely list'ner, ne'er before address'd
 In terms so flatt'ring to a female ear —
 And when was flatt'ry to the race of Eve
 Unwelcome offer'd ? — thought each studied lie
 Bore stamp of Truth, that never wore disguise.
 As the false bird, to the deception train'd,
 Artful exerts his soft melodious voice
 To lure the thoughtless female to the toil,
 Where she's entrapp'd, the fowler's instant prize ;
 So he, by words of harmonizing sound,
 Drew on his victim tow'rds the hateful snare,
 Where, once secur'd, regress is sought in vain.

The libertine had still to wear the mask.
 He offer'd marriage, seemingly sincere,
 Nor was it unexpected. Long the maid
 Conceiv'd — and well she might — his heart was her's,
 And deem'd it was timidity alone
 Withheld him from unfolding it so long.

As fair his declaration met her ear,
 The thrilling tremour of delight suffus'd
 A modest tincture o'er her virgin cheek,
 To pleasure succedaneous. 'Twas a blush

That might have melted the corrupted heart,
And turn'd the wicked doer from the path
Where Guilt abides, to pace a nobler road.
Timid and bashful, for a space she paus'd
At replication ; but compos'd at length,
She answer'd him—the while her downward eyes
In meek confusion cast upon the ground—
In accents undisguis'd. 'Twas thus she spake :—
“ 'Twere folly to withhold an harmless truth ;
“ But viler far, beneath rude Falsehood's mask,
“ To taint it's purity. I own my love
“ Is duly yours ; but, as thus far in life
“ I never acted solely from myself,
“ 'Twere rash to break so just a maxim now.
“ Upon my father must depend alone
“ Whether or not I be allow'd to call,
“ Whose love I value, — by a dearer name.”

CONRADE, with inward satisfaction, saw
That little opposition would be made
By old ALONZO ; with unchaste design
He on himself had fav'rably impress'd
The signet of esteem. The worthy sire
Consider'd him among the chosen few,
Who with rare talents probity combine.

He had long time perceiv'd it, and prepar'd
To ask the gen'rous parent's prompt consent
To join in wedlock with his darling child.

Contented, from their walk the pair return'd,
The youth directly sought the good old man,
And to his ear with fervency rehears'd
The soft discourse of Love, which late had place,
And ask'd his child in marriage. Overjoy'd
The father listen'd; and, with hand outstretch'd,
As earnest of regard, address'd him thus ;

“ My son, I've mark'd —and mark'd it not displeas'd—
“ Thy generous design, thy fair advance
“ Upon AMELIA's favour: nor oppos'd
“ Thy daily progress, which I've long discern'd,
“ Because I judg'd thee worthy. Worth is rare,
“ And having found that rarity in thee,
“ Content I give my daughter to thy care.
“ In doing this I place into thy charge
“ A treasure of no despicable price.
“ Since first she enter'd this uncertain world,
“ She's liv'd from Folly's buzz secluded far ;
“ Untaught in Sin's academy: as yet
“ Her eyes have never glanc'd on loathed Vice.
“ Few boast an equal purity —accept

" A parent's gift—the best he can bestow.
" But hold ! Mem'ry was errant—'tis requir'd
" That you should first consult your parent's will.
" His choice is mine : if he but give consent,
" My daughter shall be yours : if he refuse,
" I'll guard her still ; nor e'er bestow my child
" Where she'll be deem'd of secondary worth."

Here ceas'd ALONZO. With a smile of thanks
The specious CONRADE took his yielding hand,
And breath'd forth full acknowledgment. This done,
He left the quiet vale and sought his home.
Rejoic'd his soul. Now nearly was obtain'd
The ultimate success of what he plann'd.
He saw the precious prize within his reach ;
And hasting eager, on exulting feet,
Gain'd in short space the dwelling of his sire.

His father doated on him ; and he knew
That no request, from which the stately form
Of Honour did not blench—would be denied.
He was an only son, and when a boy
No gaudy toy or bauble was withheld,
Insisted on by infantile caprice.
When young, his disposition was not mark'd
By kinsfolk to be such as gave portent

Of future malversations — fatal oft
 Is such misprision to the growing man !
 Still in those early days it did not bear
 A hue so black as riper years reveal'd.
 The parent little thought that he possess'd
 A child so criminal ; or render'd blind
 By prejudice or fondness, nought perceiv'd
 His fast increasing tendency to guilt.
 His parts, his various knowledge of the schools,
 His deep proficiency in those pursuits
 Which oft make man to man an ornament,
 Clos'd on his faults the father's bias'd eyes.

CONRADE, ere this, had hinted that his heart
 Was girded in Love's trammels, and had told,
 That when he could obtain the object sought,
 He should unfold by whom he'd been o'ercome. —
 Now — tow'rds his parent e'en he practis'd craft,
 Well knowing him too honourably just
 To sanction treachery — he sought his sire,
 And told him of his proffer lately made
 To good ALONZO's daughter, known around.
 The vicinage of character unblam'd.
 In tone of feign'd sincerity he dwelt
 On her perfections who had gain'd his love.
 The father listen'd, and at length replied :

“ My son, thy choice be mine. I’ve oft-times heard
“ That this ALONZO’s from an honest stock,
“ And that thro’ life he’s ever been esteem’d
“ A character of unimpeach’d repute :—
“ Added to which—to thee of more regard—
“ His daughter’s virtuous; in this compris’d
“ All worth that Feminality can boast.—
“ Thou hast sufficient fortune, therefore need
“ No greater dowry with thy destin’d spouse
“ Than Innocence and Virtue—charms of price.
“ A monied wife, too oft a dang’rous gain,
“ Rattles sometimes her guineas as a bait
“ To lure young sparks to follow in her train,
“ And to a beast bicornous turns her spouse.—
“ Whilst, on the other hand, th’ unportion’d maid
“ Looks on the man who rais’d her from the cot
“ As the first object worthy her regard
“ Next to that God who gave her to his arms.
“ If to ALONZO’s child thine heart incline,
“ Thou’st my consent, and bliss await thy choice.”

He gave his parent thanks. The sequent morn
He sought the dale, and told of his success.
ALONZO heard; and calling for his child,
Ask’d her if she were willing to espouse
The man who now presented her his heart.

He bade her unrestrain'd declare her will,
Nor timidly refrain.

.....In answer she : —

“ I had not dar'd to venture on a choice,
“ My valued father, but with thy consent.
“ Still I confess my preference is giv'n
“ To him who now stands claimant for my hand,
“ Above all others. What in me begat
“ That warm regard — which to deny were base —
“ Tow'rds our kind visitor, was preference show'd
“ By you, my sire, to him ; for he who gains
“ ALONZO'S never-ill-bestow'd esteem,
“ Cannot but win his daughter's reverence.”
The crimson hid the lilies of her face
At ceasing her reply. The father pleas'd,
Now ratified the promise he had made
The day preceding. Matters thus arrang'd,
He fix'd upon the matrimonial hour
At three months' distance ; as AMELIA then
Would just attain her two-and-twentieth year,
An age when womanhood commences wise.

CONRADE, tho' inwardly rejoic'd to find
That their espousals were so long deferr'd,
As to his hopes 'twould prove auxiliar,

Appear'd afflicted at the sire's resolve ;
And tho' he artfully allow'd it sage,
With cautious air requested him to change
His hasty resolution, and assign
A day of nigher advent : but th' old man,
An enemy to deeds precipitate,
Fix'd on her birth-day for the joyous time
Of giving Hymen's hallow'd torch to burn.

Thus, by degrees, advanc'd the man of guilt !
He was permitted, as her destin'd spouse,
To print upon AMELIA's blooming cheek
The kiss of promis'd happiness. She felt
The ardent pressure of her lover's lips,
And unaccustom'd to receive salute
From any but who bore the claims of kin,
Her heart, thro' mixture of delight and shame,
Smote rudely the fair mansion where 'twas lodg'd. —
Nothing was wanting to complete the joy
Of beautiful AMELIA — lately plight
To fasten Love's indissoluble tie —
But consummation of the marriage rite. —
Ere long the bridegroom's father reach'd the vale,
And here confirming what had told his son,
Strengthen'd the rays of pleasure round the cot.
He kiss'd the maiden, as the sire of him

Whom he expected was to call her wife
Ere thrice the growing moon should "fill her horns."

How oft unto a mildly seeming dawn
Succeeds a dark meridian ! Sometimes
AURORA, clad in robe of azure hue,
Rises majestic from her ebon couch,
And glows in early beauty : but, alas !
Oft ere she's cast her health-inspiring eyes
Upon the drowsy slumb'ers of the world,
Forth rushes AUSTER from the black'ning south,
Rifles her charms, and drives her off in tears.

ALONZO now in sweet delusion pass'd
The fleeting moments happy ; for he deem'd
His child had found a guardian for her life.
'Thus, when alone, and big with future weal,
His pious soul her museful whispers gave : —

" Here at the close of life I stand prepar'd
" To welcome Death's approach. My age's hope,
" The only tie that binds me to the world,
" Will shortly have Affection's strenuous arm
" Rais'd by a husband over her. My son
" Is where the wreaths of Glory bind his brow ;
" And tho' 'twould give me joy beyond compare

- “ Once more to press him in these aged arms,
- “ Yet I'll not call him from a course so brave
- “ As that which he's pursuing. Mighty God !
- “ Who of Existence crack'st the brittle springs,
- “ If 'tis thy will to spare my hast'ning day —
- “ Now near at hand, but still to me unknown —
- “ Until my dearest daughter shall be wed ;
- “ Having no longer care to be on earth,
- “ I shall obey the well-appointed hour
- “ When thy just summons calls me to the grave,
- “ With due submission, nor my fate deplore.
- “ My span is nearly stretch'd ! — it has been long,
- “ And, thanks to Heav'n, not much perplex'd with wo.

CONRADE was now incessantly with her
Whom, unsuspecting of his aim, he sought
To hurl to ruin.—Frequently they stroll'd,
By Dian's light, the neighb'ring meads among—
When the mild air by Zephyrus was fann'd
Refrigerant — imparting force to love —
And fondly dwelt upon their dearest theme,
The wily lecher pour'd into her ear
A sweet but dang'rous poison : whilst she heard
The charming sounds which issued from his tongue,
She felt them like an oil unto her heart,
That only serv'd t' increase the kindled flame

Already burning there, nor yet defil'd.
Oft he'd lament, with sighs profoundly heav'd,
The distance to the glad some time propos'd
To make them one ; whilst she, work'd up at length
To think three speedy months a tardy age,
Would to his specious words accord assent,
And sighs were heav'd in mutual interchange.—

AMELIA look'd on CONRADE as the man
Entitled to a husband's privilege,
At least as far as chastity allow'd.
She thought from Nature, drew her acts from thence,
Unknown to Fashion's usages. She thought
The contract pass'd betwixt them was secure
From danger of a rupture, since the man
Who made it was by sacred honour bound
And justice to fulfil it.— Oft she told
To CONRADE's ear in fervency her love ;
And, cruelly beguil'd, conceiv'd him all
That woman of perfection could demand.—
It was his study to increase that love,
Which he perceiv'd was rooted in her breast.
He soon began to make more free advance,
But with such mild apparent modesty,
That, tho' at first he met with just repulse,
Slight was th' offence created, for direct

With blush of penitential seeming — prompt
 At Craft's demand — submissively he crav'd
 Forgiveness for the folly — and obtain'd. —
 Thus the rude robber, skulking thro' the street,
 Strikes briskly 'gainst some thoughtless passenger,
 And, whilst demanding pardon for the act,
 Plunges his dext'rous hand into his poke,
 And robs him of his treasure.

..... By degrees,
 Tardy, and scarce at first to be perceiv'd,
 Did the seducer tow'rd's his end advance. —
 Too fondly doating, did AMELIA hear
 The ceaseless raptures which false CONRADE breath'd,
 In what she deem'd sincerity of love.
 Her fault in character — and fault it is
 Of tendency too frequent dangerous —
 Was overgrowth of sensibility.
 Where she gave love, she gave it to excess,
 And thought that where she gain'd it in return,
 It was bestow'd with like excess on her.
 By this was work'd her fall! the crafty foe
 His arts so slyly and adroitly plied,
 That soon the maid, mistrustless, fell his prey. —

The valley's pride, the lily, growing far

In native purity from public gaze,
 Spied by some spoiler in it's mild retreat,
 Is ravish'd wanton from the fost'ring stem,
 Cast on the sod, and there neglected lies,
 Soiling it's modest beauties in the dust.
 So, plunder'd from that prop which Virtue holds
 By the rude Libertine's barbaric arm,
 The child of Beauty of her charms despoil'd, —
 Like the fair flow'r that's trodden with the mire,
 Withers unpitied, unregretted dies.

Soon was AMELIA conscious of her fault ;
 Yet unperceiv'd, until it was too late,
 It's mighty magnitude. — Misguided girl ! —
 She sinn'd unthinking, but it cost her dear.
 'Twas the first error of her blameless life
 That she could think upon, and blush to own.
 Unhappy victim of another's guilt,
 Here let Compassion her irriguous balm
 Offer to thee, so cruelly undone ! —
 Should e'er my humble, uninstrusive song,
 Warn some unmindful fair one of the guile
 Spread by a foul seducer for her fall,
 My labour will have earn'd a vast reward,
 Beyond what wealth, or loudest fame, can yield. —

AMELIA shortly felt her misery
Weigh on her bosom as a pend'rous load.
Reflection, in the silent hour of night,
Whisper'd her sin's enormity, and urg'd
The throbbings of disquiet: — ever thus
Thought, when the mind has put it's ease to flight,
Rouses emotion of no suasive stamp,
And probes the bosom where Unrighteousness
Has laid it's soiling fingers. Now the flow'r,
Whose blooming beauties had been lately blurr'd,
Began to droop. The weeping penitent,
Tho' somewhat sadden'd at her late misdeed,
Felt not that sorrow soon to be evinc'd.
Yet, disbelieving he could be untrue
For whom she made such faulty sacrifice,
She pass'd the moments after his retreat,
In making resolution to be wise,
Nor do again what woman should avoid;
As does the mariner those treach'rous coasts
Where Scylla yawns, or loud Charybdis roars.

She speedily consol'd herself with thoughts
That the long wish'd for matrimonial day
Was now not very distant. She conceiv'd
That one like CONRADE never could be base;
And spent the dull and solitary hours

In planning airy schemes of future good,
To chase more gloomy fancies. Hapless girl!
Soon to behold realities so sad
As shall implant the barb of agony
Into a bosom, until lately soild,
Pure as the snow before it reaches earth.

Upon the morrow CONRADE reappear'd.
ALONZO met him as he reach'd the door,
And instantly presenting him his hand,
Such free and cordial salutation gave,
That the too conscious traitor shrunk abash'd
To hear the tone, unmerited, of praise,
Giv'n by that tongue which had such cause to curse.
Their greeting o'er, he left the good old man
And sought the mourner. Confidently bold,
He look'd upon her as the well-earn'd prize;
Which, having toil'd so hardly to secure,
As seem'd him best he might at will dispose.
'Twas his resolve not long to wear the mask;
But, having reap'd the fruits of villany,
When tir'd, to leave to rot the blighted stem,
Which he had robb'd of that whereby it thriv'd,
And seek for spotless purity elsewhere.

AMELIA met him with a conscious blush,

Such as the well-instructed child displays
When in some fault detected ; well aware
She met the man who knew her sinfulness.
Such is the punishment assign'd to vice !
Those who, ere guilty, could endure the gaze
Of scoffing thousands, nor allow the rose
Of Modesty to take a deeper tinge,
When foul misdeed, with touch of pow'r impure,
Stains the white vestments Chastity display'd :
Her tearful eyes droop instant to the ground,
Unable to endure that searching look
Which Fancy seems to give to ev'ry eye.
The conscious blush of Guilt is manifest,
And casts it's crimson o'er the fever'd cheek.

Thus was the maiden, when the man return'd
To whom she ow'd her peace of mind infring'd.
She tim'rously advanc'd. He took her hand
And kiss'd her ; but in manner so undue,
As brought the swelling tear into her eye,
And shock'd her delicacy, yet alive.
She droop'd her pensive brow upon his breast,
And, for a while, gave freedom to her tears.
At length she rais'd her head in eloquence
Of tacit sadness ; whilst the drops of wo,
In silent progress, trickled down her cheek.

Her tongue it's wonted utterance denied ;
 She look'd on her seducer with a glance
 That might have melted down to liquid stone
 The adamantine rock. He strove the while
 To quell the force of sorrow ; but, alas !
 Seem'd to have lost his mild accusom'd mode.
 Each action now bare too apparent stamp
 Of heedless unsolicitude ; and pain'd
 Her unto whom 'twas offer'd. He propos'd
 A frequent repetition of her crime,
 And tried each art his crafty speech could form
 To plunge her deeper in the filth of sin.
 Each impulse she resisted, and resolv'd
 Never again unto her lips to raise
 The foully venom'd cup of squalid Guilt ;
 Which, tasted once, no deed piacular
 Can stop it's mighty potency, for nought
 Is antidotal to committed crime.
 Mistrust within her now began to work :
 She fear'd that he, to whom she'd giv'n so much,
 Was other than she deem'd him, and she shrunk
 To apprehend her future misery,
 Seeing through CONRADE's craftiness. The foe
 Urg'd and reurg'd compliance with his will,
 Till she at length, indignant at the sounds
 Of coarse expression which her ears imbib'd,

Refusal gave, in words of angry tone.
This seal'd her destiny! The harden'd wretch,
Who banish'd from her breast the cherub Peace,
Too proud to be rebuk'd and thus oppos'd,
Told his intent, and left in scorn the maid.

The polish'd vessel, from translucent spring,
Charg'd with the clear unmingled element,
Is grateful to the taste as to the eye ;
But should by chance a deleterious drop
Taint the pure water in the vase contain'd,
It's still diaph'nous beauty perishes ;
And that which late the sight fix'd welcome on,
Now grown corrupt, no longer gratifies.
So lorn AMELIA ; late so passing bright,
That angels would have scarce condemn'd her love ;
Her charms, now sullied by the taint of sin,
Gave joy no longer — blister'd by the tear
Of fell Remorse, corroding self-reproach.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

EGBERT AND AMELIA.

Part the Fourth.

“ Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice!”—YOUNG.

THE day that CONRADE left abrupt the maid,
Was pass'd in bitter agony of mind.
She look'd a silent monument of woe!
Her tearless eyes in vacant stupor fix'd;
Her folding arms across her panting breast;
Her cheeks inflam'd and red; her hair unbound,
In thick profusion covering her neck
Which held with alabaster rivalry—
Gave her the mute resemblance of Despair.
She mus'd in horror on her state forlorn;
Soon to be cast, perhaps, upon a world,
Where not a friend was likely to be found
On whom for that support she might rely,
Which claims the hapless orphan. Would the voice

Of guilt be heard, and heard compassionate?
Who would receive whom error hath defil'd,
Or calm the sorrows of her progeny?

Tho' Misery advanc'd in dread array
To crush the frail one's happiness; yet Hope,
That oft delusive unsubstantial good,
Which soothes awhile, but leaves behind Despair,
Calm'd in degree, consid'rably remote
The fierce excess of grief which shock'd her soul.
She thought—as yet unconscious of his death—
That she might find hereafter some support
From EGBERT's favor: still she fear'd to think
How sore a pang a heart like his would feel,
When she unfolded to his list'ning ear
The cruel arts by which she was undone.

Poor child of wo! She little reck'd that he,
On whom now dwelt her thoughts, had sated long
The wants of hungry worms.—The fatal truth
Was now in hasty flight on Rumour's wings.
As yet, howe'er, the miserable maid
Conceiv'd her brother passing smoothly on
The hours of brief existence: and, at times,
The pleasing fancy of his quick return
Made the idea of her parent's death—

Which much she fear'd her fault would hasten on —
 Less painfully acute : but that which prob'd
 Her harrass'd bosom with most forceful pang,
 Was the reflection of the shock severe
 Her venerable parent would receive
 When he should know the error of his child.
 Throbb'd her fair breast to bursting, and her eye,
 Dried with acute severity of grief,
 Clos'd in expressive, silent agony.
 Now would her feelings like a torrent burst,
 And almost chasing Reason from her seat,
 To partial phrensy agitate her mind.
 To this there would succeed a transient calm :
 And the fierce tempest having spent it's force,
 Hope, like refreshing zephyrs, would arise,
 And to the heart a brief composure yield.

As crept the horrid shudderings of Guilt,
 Tremendous thro' her frame, exclaim'd the maid —
 " Great God ! from what a summit am I hurl'd !
 " But yestermorn possess'd of ev'ry joy
 " That earth could furnish : now, alas ! divest
 " Of ev'ry comfort ! Stern Adversity,
 " How unforeseen, how secret thine approach !
 " Thou lurkest like a robber in the night,
 " Conceal'd until thy fav'rite hour arrives,

" And workest then thy malice ! Wherefore, fiend,
" Stab at a part so sensible ? Why strike
" So fierce, so sorely at the root of bliss ?
" Had Poverty assail'd me, or Disease,
" 'T had been a mild disaster ; — but to lose
" That by which woman gains alone regard —
" Why was my heart of love susceptible,
" And why so unsuspecting ? O, my sire !
" How shall I venture to declare to thee
" The ruin of thy child ? Unwelcome task !
" But yet I will not aggravate offence
" By criminal concealment, or allow
" Him to imagine me estrang'd to Sin,
" Whilst I'm so grossly tainted. Righteous Heav'n !
" Make resolute my insufficient heart,
" To ope the secret chronicle of truth,
" And show my parent my recorded crime."

ALONZO, now in ignorance of all
His lately gladsome daughter had endur'd,
Little expected Sorrow's swift advance.
The good old man — to see her weal secure,
His sole important wish of worldly sort —
Scarce dream'd of else by night, or thought by day.
He rais'd light structures in the passive air,
Which soon were fated to be toppled down ;

And, like the bursting bubble on the wave,
 To leave behind no trace. The hour approach'd
 When he was destin'd to behold their fall,
 And all his flatt'ring hopes at once involv'd
 In the sad overthrow.

.....The wretched maid,
 Whene'er she met her parent, strove to calm
 Affliction's turbulence, and wore awhile
 A semblance of composure : but, alas !
 It's traces were too manifest : in vain
 She tried to meet, as wont, the good old man.
 He soon perceiv'd his daughter's changing mien,
 And CONRADE's lengthen'd absence, with surprise.

He thus address'd AMELIA : — " Why, my child,
 " That frequent stifled sigh, that aspect wan,
 " That silent seeming sorrow ? Tell the cause.
 " Thou know'st thy father, when he sees thee sad,
 " Partakes thy grief ; nor ever tastes repose
 " But whilst he views his daughter undepress'd.
 " Reveal, my dearest girl, thy present pain ;
 " And, in a father's sympathizing breast,
 " Confide the cause that makes thee thus despond."

AMELIA, by her feelings overpower'd.

Fell back upon her seat, and vainly strove
To force articulation ; in her mouth
The pliant organ in suspension hung.
The wond'ring parent, at the first surprise,
Gaz'd on her *askingly*, but utter'd nought.
The sobbing daughter still continued mute :
She hid her burning features with her hands,
Unable to endure th' inquiring glance
Which gave th' astonish'd father : oft she strove
At explication, but each effort mock'd success.
The heated crystal in her fever'd eye
Conglobate stood, and long refus'd to fall,
As grief had almost dried those fountains up,
Which, at her call, once gave such overflow.
At length the starting tears began to swell ;
And rolling in succession down her cheeks,
Clear'd for her speech a passage. Somewhat calm'd,
She rais'd her beating head. Her vision fell
Upon her sire's inquiring countenance ;
And, by the mild expression slightly cheer'd,
She presently commenc'd her gloomy tale.

Her breast she lighten'd of the painful load
Which, since her crime, had weigh'd so heavily,
By recapitulating ev'ry shift,
Each wily circumvention, subtle fraud,

Practis'd against her honour ; by the which
She fell into the snare that Lust had laid.

ALONZO heard the agonizing tale
In tacit horror ; and his wrinkled brow
Darken'd at the recital ; for he felt
Emotion of no ordinary kind.
His mild blue eyes flash'd Indignation's fire ;
His lip grew white, and quiver'd ; whilst his cheek
Bore constant interchange of pale and red.
He clench'd his fist, and, striking on the board,
Rose in a frantic transport of despair,
And fell exhausted down, depriv'd of sense.
AMELIA hurried to her parent's aid ;
With hartshorn bath'd his temples ; and, at length,
After repeated struggles, life return'd.

How painful to a child, not dead to love,
To view a parent of esteem so high,
By her to such calamity reduc'd !
She look'd upon him eagerly, the while
Returning sense, by slow degrees, appear'd.
ALONZO, when he found his pow'rs of speech,
Vented no harsh reproaches, but embrac'd
His peccant daughter. As his trembling arms—
Around her waist affectionately thrown—

Press'd her a moment to his throbbing heart,
He thus pronounc'd : — " 'Twere folly to revile —
" Thy punishment, distrest Unfortunate,
" Is vast enough already ! Injur'd girl !
" From me Compassion's balm is more thy due
" Than rough upbraidings, or unlovely taunts.
" Since, now the maculated die is cast,
" No human effort can the stain absterge ;
" Like spoiling rust upon the mirror'd steel,
" It hurts the brighten'd surface, leaving there
" A wasting canker, never to be cleans'd.
" The vest of Chastity but once atting'd,
" What mortal skill shall wash the mould away !
" AMELIA, since the PAST defies recall,
" Think serious on the FUTURE ! To thy God
" Offer incessant pray'r ; nor fail, my child,
" To let the dreary remnant of thy days
" Pass in atonement for thy late offence.
" Peace in this world thou never can'st regain,
" Therefore 'tis best thou strive to be prepar'd,
" When Death shall summon thee to worlds unknown,
" To hear the mandate, undepress'd by fear,
" And speed thy way to extramundane joys."

Thus he, and somewhat calmer, left the maid.
Of her unseen, he trod a backward path

Quitting the cottage, now th' asylum drear
 Of moping sorrow and untimely cares.
 In silent progress speeding on his way,
 He pass'd the valley's bound : his firm resolve
 Unalterably fix'd, direct he bied
 Where dwelt the spoiler, who had proffer'd late
 Unto his child the mingled vase of Guilt,
 And urg'd her on to gulp it's potent dregs.
 He ask'd for CONRAD; when a rude reply
 Was all the trim domestic, deck'd with lace —
 A powder'd popinjay — would deign. He then,
 In more indignant tone, desir'd to see
 Who own'd the mansion. He was then from home.
 Th' intent old man, by insolence arous'd,
 Demanded instant conduct to the son;
 But told he could not give to strangers ear,
 Enrag'd he burst the door, and ent'ring straight,
 Stood with the villain front to front oppos'd.
 He fix'd awhile his penetrating eye
 Upon this favourite deform'd of Vice,
 And fed his heart by musing on Revenge.
 Let it be known, that he of mildest mind
 Is by fierce passion sometimes overborne;
 For from the human heart, by wrongs inflam'd,
 Resentment's indiscerptible. The man
 Felt on his cheek the conscious glow of crime;

VOL. II.

I

But, banishing confusion, with an air
Of seeming unconcern, desir'd to know
If matter weighty call'd ALONZO here.
He, casting on the criminal a glance
That might have cow'd a novice in misdeed,
Spake resolutely thus :—" Barbarian, know
" I come the just avenger of an act,
" Blacker than Hell's worst progeny could mate.
" Does not, of Conscience stern, the angry gripe,
" Tear, sting, and fester in thy callous breast ;
" And, like the hooded * monster's venom'd tooth,
" Discharge incessant poison where it wounds ?
" Behold the man of vengeance, come to cast
" Just retribution on thine impious head !
" What deed so passing rank as could outvie
" In cowardice, in cruelty accrui'd,
" That which now calls on me for punishment.
" I took the coiling viper to my arms ;
" And, as I offer'd him too fond caress,
" Into my breast he thrust his dev'lish sting.
" My daughter's honour calls on me aloud
" To crush the man that rified it. False wretch !
" AMELIA's father dares thee to the field ;
" Meet him thy foe, or bear a recreant's name."

* The hooded snake.

CONRADE deign'd no reply, but instant rose,
 And summoning his servant, bade him bring
 A case of pistols. His commands were heard,
 And prompt obedience follow'd. Now prepar'd
 For deeds of blood, he hurried from the house,
 ALONZO following ; and reaching soon
 A small sequester'd spot of level turf,
 Unwitness'd, either for the fight prepar'd.
 CONRADE, with steady hand and dauntless look,
 Loaded the murd'rous engine, pois'd the ball,
 And chose the roundest ; brutally attent
 To lodge it in his adversary's breast.
 The injur'd father, in his grasp infirm,
 Sustain'd the weapon, loaded it in haste,
 But took no cautious measures to assist
 The speedy bullet to a course of Death.
 Their pistols prim'd, as mutually agreed,
 They each retir'd three paces, and discharg'd
 The death fraught tubes against each other's life.

ALONZO's hand, thro' age unsteady grown,
 Prov'd to his level treacherous : he fir'd ;
 But the ball, ill-directed, harmless sped.
 His strict adherence, too, to Honour's laws,
 Allow'd him not to pause upon his aim ;
 For he esteem'd it but as butchery

To rob a man delib'rately of life.
Had doubtful Chance effective made his fire,
He would have deem'd God's punishment was there,
Nor to himself have added Guilt's reproach.

CONRADE, with keener eye and firmer hand,
Took — calm the while — a well-appointed aim,
And warily the deathful tube discharg'd.
Fate wing'd the bullet, for it straightways pierc'd
His adversary's heart; who backward fell,
Dyed with his blood, a pale and reeking corse.—
Thus the proud elm, that oft, in native pride,
Has stood of jarring elements the shock,
And scarcely truckled to the fiercest blast,
By the red bolt from dark electric clouds,
Struck on the summit, shivers to the root,
And on the plain a mighty ruin lies.

An hamlet's inmates — situated nigh —
Hearing th' explosion, hasten'd to the spot,
And witness'd what had happen'd. CONRADE now —
Heedless, it seem'd, of any one's approach —
Remain'd unagitated, and beheld
Indifferent the body. He advanc'd,
And having gather'd from the sanguine turf
The pistol which ALONZO had discharg'd,

Pac'd tow'rd's his home ; the whilst the gath'ring crowd
Curs'd his hard heart, and follow'd at his heels.

To what transgressions are that fleshly race,
Who hold o'er earth dominion, frequent prone !
He who can cast a contemplative eye
O'er this revolving planet, may perceive
That fav'rite work of Heav'n, the rebel man,
Hid sometimes in deformity so foul,
As Nature's primitive intent belies,
And stamps him of that crew irreverent,
Which — co-essential with the angel host —
Once dar'd arraign the majesty of God,
And his sublime authority oppugn.
Who is man's foe but man ? Incessant strife
For pow'r, for spoil, dominion, or for wealth,
Jars amongst those whom Heav'n ordain'd to love.
By Nature are the *brutes* internecine ;
But mortals, from depravity, become
Not less blood-thirsty than the lynx or pard.
Vice, Mis'ry's agent, boldly scours abroad
Those unresisting hugs in foul embrace,
And from her sin-fraught bosom gives them suck :
Soon thro' their blood the active venom creeps,
Enters the copious fountains of the heart —
Drain'd of that fluid firstly uncorrupt —

And quickly leaves it loathsome and deform'd.
True some there are, unfluenc'd by Vice,
Who pass their prudent lives in goodly quest :
'Tis these, too often, whom the sons of-Guilt
Rob of their peace, and hurry to Distress.
Here o'er the sad depravities of man
Be dropt a veil, and be my song resum'd.

CONRADE, on eager feet, regain'd his home ;
But short his hour of triumph. In due time
He was convey'd to prison ; there to rest
Until the fearful moment should arrive
To take his trial for the murd'rous act,
Which late his blood-polluted hand perform'd.
When left to meditation, he began,
For the first time, to know deserv'd remorse.
Conscience her monitory scrip unroll'd,
And plac'd before the optic keen of thought
His numerous misdeeds. In mind he bare —
For ev'ry misdemeanor, Mem'ry now
Brought up to strike Confusion on his soul—
The evil course of life he'd long pursued ;
How oft he'd been the fell designing cause
To others of prepense calamity.
Now he reflected on that tearful maid,
Whom he had torn from Virtue's fastest hold,

And whose indulgent father he had hurl'd,
 From Life's proud elevation, to the grave.
 Thro' recollection's reproductive eye
 He view'd her in those vestal charms array'd,
 Which, ere he spoil'd them, blossom'd on her cheek,
 And rivall'd op'ning roses. Soon again
 He'd change the picture, and thro' Fancy's glass
 Behold her haggard look, her pallid brow ;
 Her figure, wasting from excess of wo —
 And as the vision glow'd upon his mind,
 He'd strike in agony his guilty breast,
 And curse the hour he scoff'd at Virtue's beck.
 'Twas fear of Death that wrought such sudden change,
 Not tenderness of heart ; for he possess'd
 A bosom blunt to ev'ry softer throe :
 But now, left solely to the goad of thought,
 It conjur'd hideous horrors up to view,
 And all the mighty miseries of Hell
 Glar'd ghastly on his mind. To Fancy's eye
 The squalid record of his crime was held,
 And held by Sin's curst minister. He thought —
 Such as what time the bullet drain'd his heart —
 He view'd ALONZO, borne on seraph wing,
 Career'ing joyous to the port of Saints :
 Whilst he, o'erburthen'd by the load of crime,
 Dropt, like a plummet, to Tartarean depths,

Where endless torment bellows unassuag'd.
His only consolation was the hope,
That transportation, or a gaol brief while,
Would be his utmost punishment.—As he
Was tossing on the changeful tide of Doubt,
Far more afflicting was elsewhere the scene.

ALONZO's corpse, o'ersoil'd with dust and gore,
Was, on the sturdy shoulders of a clown,
Borne to his recent dwelling ; where his child —
New to the past — sat musing o'er her fate.
Soon she beheld approach a gather'd crowd,
Nor knew what it portended. From her seat
She rose and sought the window, and remain'd,
'Till by the disposition of their march,
She could discern they bent their measur'd steps
In the direction of the cot. Arriv'd,
Her ready glance inquisitively fell
Upon the pallid body : with a scream
Of agony she clench'd, convuls'd, her hands,
And fell insensible. The rustic tribe,
Who had assembled round the cottage door,
Hasten'd t' afford her necessary aid.
Long Death appear'd t' have stricken her : at length,
After repeated faintings, she reviv'd,
To misery, to horror, to despair.

Affliction's agonizing groan would burst,
Heart-rending, from her bosom; still her cheek
No kindly tear bedew'd: her manly
Had reach'd it's highest crisis, nor requir'd
Aught of increase to quench that quick'ning spark,
Which keeps in proper movement ev'ry spring
That works within the animal machine.

The relics of th' unfortunate old man
Were in a shroud envelop'd, and ere long
Laid in that drear receptacle the grave.
A marble tablet simply told the spot
Where lay ALONZO buried; on the which,
In letters large, appear'd his name and age.

AMELIA now, scarce able to support
Of stern Calamity such vast increase,
Like a fair snow-drop by the biting frost
Nipt to the root, incessant pin'd away,
And all her bloom and beauty disappear'd.
Wo's canker chas'd away that rosy hue
Which us'd to animate her healthful cheek;
And the dull tawn, that waits upon disease,
Spread o'er her sunken features. She appear'd
A stalking shadow; by distress reduc'd
To such a state of meagre misery,

As scarce her bones were hid. Grievous, indeed,
The pain she suffer'd ! Death was in advance,
And rapid were his strides, but yet approach'd
Too tardily to stop increase of grief.
Oft would she cast her fever'd eyes to Heav'n ;
And calling reverential on His name,
Whose voice from nothing call'd revolving orbs,
And spangled o'er the hemispheres with stars,
To look indulgent from his throne of Light,
And — first refining her from Guilt's reproach —
Summon her spirit to the realms of Bliss.
Tho' Sin had once her artless steps betray'd,
It had not cast it's maculating soil
Over her heart — to evil never prone.
Religion now, consolatory friend,
Chas'd Horror's clinging harpies from her breast,
And bade her dwell upon hereafter joys.
At times a transient calm would intervene
Betwixt Affliction's shudderings, and yield
A slight composure ; then would burst afresh
The floods which Sorrow pours, and almost check
The fluctuating vehicle of life.
Thus oft the suff'rer, shook by gaunt Disease,
One moment feels abate his agony,
And looks expectant tow'rs approaching rest ;
But to his frame the torment soon returns

With aggravated violence, and robs
Of all resource the wretched invalid,
E'en the light comfort of indulgent Hope.

Still were the lees of Sorrow to be drank,
The sad intelligence of CONRADE's fate
Soon reach'd AMELIA's ear: not undress'd
She heard the solemn tidings, but deplo'r'd
The murd'rer's destiny; aware how drear
Must be the awful thought of Death, to one
So long by Guilt misled.

.....The Homicide,
After his deed of blood, had been convey'd,
By warrant, to the distant county gaol,
Until the stated season should arrive
When all, for criminal offence arraign'd,
Were summon'd to the bar. The hour was nigh.
He underwent a trial for his life,
And was condemn'd to die. His sentence past,
The hateful GRAVEN felt increas'd dismay.
He had upon himself impos'd the thought,
That transportation or imprisonment
Would be the heaviest doom the law would give.
But so supremely heinous was his crime,

That, when he was conducted to the bar,
Each ready mouth was open with a curse.
He drew up a defence; nor wanting this
In plausibility. He gave it through
In such impressive and pathetic tone,
Threw o'er his crime such favourable gloss,
As for a moment chang'd Opinion's tide,
And drew Compassion's suffrage: but ere long
Imperial Truth her awful front advanc'd,
And, to the wond'ring ears of all, convey'd
In mode so clear his rank enormity,
That, when they found irrefragable Guilt
Upon the wretch had fix'd its lasting brand,
Compassion's fount was in an instant dried,
And Indignation ev'ry heart inflam'd.

Upon the trial ev'ry act appear'd
That he had practis'd 'gainst ALONZO's child,
To rob her honour. Since her parent's death,
AMELIA—now grown careless of the gibes
That a rude world withal might slur her name—
Unto the village clergyman reveal'd
The treachery of CONRADE; and the priest
Gave all he knew before the judge and court.
The conduct of the criminal had been

So uniformly villanous, that all
With eyes of hate survey'd him ; and, at length,
A verdict was return'd against his life.

'Twere needless here to dwell upon his death.
Suffice it, that three rapid days escap'd
When that appointed for his end arriv'd.
He was conducted from the dreary cell,
Amid the shouts and hissings of the crowd,
And as a felon suffer'd for his crime.

Rumour soon carried to AMELIA's ear
The fate of him she once had known to love.
Although the dreadful wrongs from him receiv'd
Had dried the fountains of Affection up,
Still somewhat in her joyless breast remain'd —
A sort of partial, unextinguish'd love,
Or rather pity, of more ardent kind —
Which at the tidings gave her heart a pang.
The tear stole gently down her fallow cheek ;
Yet soon reflection on the abject state
To which she was reduc'd ; remembrance, too,
That from his vice sprung all her miseries,
For whom her eyes were even now bedew'd,
Check'd the tear's progress, and suffus'd her face
With the dark hue of horror. She remain'd

As statue fix'd. Vacant upon the ground
She gaz'd unmeaningly. Her heavy breath
Was for a while suspended : but, at length,
This chaos banish'd, she exclaim'd aloud :

“ Cruel, perfidious CONRADE ! Was thy soul
“ Form'd by thy Maker in more worthless mould
“ Than man's in general ? Omnipotent !
“ Thou all-pervading, universal good !
“ Why was I born to fall a loathed prey
“ To man's incontinence ? Why doom'd to feel
“ The keenest torments adverse Chance could bring ?
“ Why giv'n to sink beneath the fatal blow
“ Impiety had aim'd ? O, would to Heav'n,
“ That ev'ry stubborn ligament which binds
“ This heart, containing life's effulgent spark,
“ Would at one moment it's contexture burst,
“ And ope a passage for th' emergent soul.
“ How sorely Sorrow gripes ! Affliction's cup
“ How full of loathsome bitters ! I have gulp'd
“ The thickest dregs, which at the bottom lie ;
“ And such a nauseous taste did they impart,
“ That my heart's strings are snapping. Thanks to Fate,
“ Ere long, my parent, thy repentant child,
“ Whose error hasten'd thee to Death's retreat,
“ Shall burst th' encumb'rances of mortal life,

" And seek thee in another, better world.
 " Young am I yet, 'tis true, to seek to launch
 " Into Eternity's unbounded sea ;
 " Yet few have known such misery as mine
 " Whom even Time hath wrinkled. **EGBERT**, here
 " On this unhallow'd earth, where man must groan,
 " I'll leave thee, chasing Glory's shadowy form :—
 " Oh ! may thy fate than mine be less severe,
 " And Happiness await thee to thy end !"
 Daily she pin'd, her strength and spirits fled,
 And clear'd for Dissolution speedy way.

Now might she well compare with Spring's first flow'r,
 The early primrose ; which a transient while
 Blooms 'neath the covert of some fost'ring oak,
 'Till parting Winter, scarce his pow'rs dispell'd,
 Sends forth a lagging frost and bites the stem.
 It's cheerful hue immediate vapid grows,
 It droops it's head, it withers and expires.

Poor victim of Misfortune ! oft like thine
 Passes youth's earlier season : but, alas !
 In some distressful moment unforeseen,
 Affliction launches forth her pungent plagues ;
 Blots all the lovely prospects hope had rais'd,
 And shows her gloomy schedule : foully clad,

She hugs, in vigorous embrace, her prey,
And sometimes smothers ere she quits her hold.

AMELIA, thus the monster clung to thee.
Ye whom no harsh calamities assail,
Cheer'd by the balmy zephyrs of Content,
Ponder a space, and learn a lesson here.
Know that the purest happiness on earth,
In one fleet moment may be overthrown;
And darken'd by the breath of grim Despair.
Be still, attention for short period claim'd,
My tale now verges tow'rds an awful close.

Soon after CONRADE's fate was nois'd abroad,
Tidings were brought of EGBERT's hapless end;
Nor was it long before the dreadful tale
Afflictive, reach'd the grief-worn sister's ear.
The ever still accumulating wo
Now gath'ring round her, mock'd her strength to bear.

She heard her brother's melancholy death
In anguish'd horror, and the pallid hue
Of speedy Fate her meagre face o'erspread.
No loud complaint escap'd her listless tongue;
But lifting high her thoughts this world beyond,
And glancing tow'rds the canopy of Heav'n,

She cried :—“ Dispenser of the fleeting span
 “ To all apportion’d in this vale of tears,
 “ I feel that Thou’st already bid prepare
 “ Thine agent, Death, to work thy sacred will :—
 “ Be it according to thy just decree !
 “ But pardon all those foul offences here
 “ By which my shackled soul may be defil’d :
 “ Then haste my meeting with those purer saints,
 “ Whom thou hast giv’n to bliss. Accept my pray’r,
 “ Father Almighty ! Take me unto thee.”
 Grief daily robb’d her of remaining strength ;
 And, ere the hasty passage of a month,
 Death snapt her thread of life, and set her free.

How passing sorrowful an end was hers !
 Her dawn of youth appear’d, and not a cloud
 Obscur’d it’s fair horizon ; whilst the sun
 Of dazzling beauty gives his brightest rays,
 Nor aught impure their soft effulgence spoil’d.
 Anon, at distance, low’rd a gath’ring storm,
 And by degrees the beauteous disk approach’d :
 Stretching, at length, more wide, it overspread
 The gleaming orb, and all it’s beams obscur’d.
 Then “ brooding Darkness spread her raven wings,”
 And the kind cot, where peace had long time liv’d,
 Became more dreary than Cimmerian cell.

It's inmate, by the goad of Sorrow chas'd,
Fled from her nest to seek a happier home.

Thus the sleek redbreast—which in early Spring,
Perch'd with it's ruddy bosom on the spray,
Opens it's warbling throat in gladsome song—
Passes the vernal season in the grove,
Secure from fowlers' snares or school-boy guile—
But, by some heedless stripling spied at last,
The cunning springe is in an instant laid;
And the sweet songster, ignorant of fraud,
Flies to the cruel toil, and meets it's death.

Here let the antiquated virgin stop
The snarl of biting obloquy; nor cast
Censorious condemnation on a name,
For which Compassion supplicates a tear.
Disparage not, ye hypercritical,
Her, who has been chief burthen of my song,
By too severe reproach. Look o'er the globe,
And where, upon it's surface, shall be found
One free from folly, or of soul so form'd,
As to be callous to the crafts of man?
Be't here remember'd, that the faulty maid,
Whose miserable end this tale recounts,
Was to Sin's worst depravities unknown.

Oft had she heard, 'tis true, of Vice the sway,
 Instructed by her sire ; but never seen
 The loathsome aspect which the demon bears,
 Until her too deceptive mask dropt off,
 And, clear to view, her squalid form reveal'd.
 Although, obscenely fill'd, the monster's hand
 Had weigh'd in thoughtless moment on her breast,
 Yet when she found the pressure was of Guilt,
 Although was left a blot, she form'd resolve
 That it should spread no wider : but the stain
 Of dang'rous Indiscretion once receiv'd,
 Not all the purifying streams that flow
 From Virtue's hallow'd, uncorrupted source,
 Can wash the tincture out. Unhappy girl!
 She err'd, the while her heart was undeprav'd.
 Here let us turn, and take a slight survey
 Of what 'neath CONRADE's parent's roof had place.

The wretched father, who had lost his son —
 The only relic of a wife long dead —
 In manner so disgraceful, shortly felt
 The weight of Hypochondria, and sunk,
 By quick degrees, tow'rd's Life's unknown extreme.
 His breast, where late Placidity abode,
 Heav'd 'neath the weight of anguish ; and his brow,
 Ere now unwrinkled, shortly chang'd it's hue,

Relaxing into furrows : he became
Of ev'ry thing regardless : from neglect
His beard grew long and whiten'd : from his head
Fell fast, unnourish'd, off, the bleaching hair,
And left expos'd the scalp : his eyes grew dim
And sunk into their sockets : soon he fell
A prey to slow Insanity : but short
Was the drear period of subverted sense.

His constitution suff'ring daily waste,
From Sorrow's constant pressure, shortly left
Emaciate his form. His visage shrunk,
His voice grew low : at length, in whispers lost,
And aug'ries manifold of Death were plain.
Sometimes he'd trace, upon the wainscot nigh,
The rude resemblance of a human form ;
Call it his child, and shed abundant tears.
He loath'd his food ; refusing that support
Which Nature for her benefit requires,
But ever utt'ring CONRADE's name, still dear,
In terms alternate of reproach and love,
Caress'd his malady and sapp'd his life.
Exhausted Nature in short time gave way,
Unable longer to contend with wo :
He seem'd, at last, a walking skeleton,
A moving mass of sparely cover'd bones.

Ere snap the slender filament of life,
Sense, for a transient moment, was restor'd :
He call'd on God to bless his son, and died.
Thus, thro' the criminal misdeeds of one,
Was sent a ternary of souls to Heav'n.

From evil doings what misfortunes spring !
When once the careless votary of Vice
Allows the hag, before whose shrine he bends,
To cast her foul pollution o'er his heart ;
Nought can redeem him from her monstrous rule,
Unless, before the black contagion spread,
He hurry far beyond her fatal sway !
But, if he suffer by degrees to creep,
Her active, filthy venom o'er his frame,
Were he to drain of earth the fountains dry,
'Twould all be insufficient to erase
The deep, indelibly ingrafted stain ;
For, like devouring Cancer o'er the frame —
Which constant works, and as it works corrodes —
It gains unceasing, till in little space
Corrupt, appears an universal blot.
Those who, by animating hopes upbuoy'd,
Launch boldly forth upon Corruption's wave,
And, blindly confident, behind them leave
The road that leadeth to eventual good,

Must fall at length to ruin ! For a while
Prosperity may take them by the hand :
But, at the moment when they deem them safe,
Rigid Destruction at their heels appears,
And, in some heedless hour, arrests their course.
Here be it told to such as ceaseless taste
The deleterious offerings of Sin,
That Retribution never is withheld ;
That He, whose voice, before commenc'd the globe,
To depths of fire the rebel angels hurl'd,
Chronicles ev'ry criminal misdeed,
And each it's diff'rent punishment assigns.

Who can declare what may from vice result ?
Evil's curst prodigal oft-times insnares
Th' incautious steps of artless Innocence,
Her lustre tarnishes, pollutes her charms,
And, having drunken all the sweets she yields,
Leaves her to mourn her fatal overthrow.

Such did unrighteous CONRADE ! Like the beast
That fawns and frolics till it takes it's prey,
On Innocence he practis'd his deceit,
Blighted her beauty, spoil'd her growing bloom,
Pluck'd down her noblest scion : with a thirst
For still increase of wickedness, he robb'd

An injur'd Father's life ; became his own
The forfeit of his treachery : — he died,
But dragg'd his parent after to the tomb.

Thus, by the evil practices of one,
The awful destinies of three were seal'd :
Domestic joy was wither'd, ere mature,
Virtue disrob'd, and raven-like Despair
Given t' o'ersadow Happiness's dawn :
Benignant Peace breath'd forth her last farewell,
And gaunt Affliction hugely sprung to view !
Let those who follow lambent Hope top close,
And fancy Bliss within an eager leap,
Beware that Disappointment do not rest
Between the flitting phantom and themselves !
Joy permanent with man can never rest,
'Tis but a corruscation, glitt'ring now,
And sending forth a few enliv'ning rays,
Now, by some cloud destructive overcast,
That mars it's smile, and substitutes a frown.
Many who soar aloft on eagle wing,
And to themselves imagine they descry
The cherub Happiness within their grasp,
To catch her shade stretch out their eager arms ;
But failing, from their equilibrium drawn,
Tumble down headlong from the dizzy height ;

Whilst moaning Sorrow sily waits below,
And in her lap receives them as they fall.
'Tis vain on earth to seek content uncloy'd !
Some little portion of our mortal span
May pass ungall'd, by violence of pain ;
Yet there be hours when Grief must have her way,
And chase the bosom's rarest inmate—Peace.

The path of Life is beaten, but unsure !
It should be travers'd with a steady pace,
And hoar Experience is the safest guide.
Mistrust should oft attend the wand'rer here,
Where Evil holds ascendancy supreme :
Vice digs her pitfalls in the clearest road,
And ev'ry step, before adventur'd on,
Should be known safe.

.....Ye Inconsiderate !
Who, with Time's sluggard executioner,
Blair Idleness, your hasting hours employ,
Ere I dismiss the dull didactic pen,
List to a humble, monitory close.

Call Reason's aid—she'll counsel ye to leave
The noisy sports which Indolence excites,
And point to where the purest pleasures reign.

**On Life's afflictions look with patient eye ;
And know that from Death's hand ye shall receive
A passport to the realms of endless Day,
Where, if your actions have on Earth been just,
Soaring aloft on Heav'n directed wing,
Your souls shall taste of Bliss perennial.**

THE END.



CUPID AND PSYCHE:*

An Allegorical Tale,

FROM

APULEIUS.

IN some fair town, now scarcely known to Fame,
A monarch dwelt, of reputable name;
Three young and lovely daughters call'd him sire,
Which all who saw, saw only to admire:
Each had her share of beauty, but the last
The elder two abundantly surpass'd.

* Mr. Maurice has epitomised this story in prose in his "Indian Antiquities;" and I have taken the same heads which he has done to form the following epitome in verse. It does not bear any affinity to a translation; for merely some of the most interesting parts are selected, and the subsequent story formed from them. How far I am indebted to Mr. Maurice, the curious reader may ascertain by consulting his "Indian Antiquities."

Nature, it seem'd, had all her skill essay'd,
To make a model of this matchless maid :
Renown her charms to distant regions bore,
And thousands came to wonder and adore :
All who beheld her, in their rapture cried,
'Twas Venus' self, as when she left the tide ;
Who from Olympus, thro' unmeasur'd space,
Had lately sprung to bless the human race —
That all Cythera's rituals were transferr'd,
And all it's honours on their town conferr'd.

Venus the while, from her celestial bow'rs,
Mark'd, with fierce eye, a mortal's rival pow'rs :
Anger and rage her troubled bosom tear,
To think that one of woman born should share
Those praises due, she deem'd, to her alone,
From Gods themselves, thro' countless ages won.

Whilst tears of rage bedew her beauteous cheeks,
She calls her son, and thus the God bespeaks : —

“ My dearest CUPID, hear a mother's wo,
“ And haste in vengeance to the realms below ;
“ A hateful child of clay profanely dares
“ To cope with me, and in mine off'rings shares :
“ Wilt thou permit, my son, a mortal maid
“ To stop the rites to Paphos' altars paid ?

“ No — to her native city instant spring,
 “ And ’gainst her heart thy keenest arrow wing ;
 “ That I may view her from these bow’rs above,
 “ Expos’d to all the agonies of Love.”

Cupid, obedient to the harsh behest,
 Sprung instant down, and straight commenc’d his quest :
 Bent is his bow, the ready shaft applied,
 Dipt in the softest poison Love supplied.
 Now he prepares to twang the curving yew,
 To strike a heart that never evil knew ;
 But as his eyes behold the matchless charms,
 He rests awhile and drops his hostile arms :
 Entranc’d, at length the sly designing boy
 Is vanquish’d by those charms he would destroy.
 Tho’ all meanwhile on PSYCHE cast their eyes,
 And prais’d her spotless beauty to the skies ;
 Still seem’d she doom’d, despite Perfection’s pow’r,
 In virgin sheets to mourn Life’s youthful hour ;
 Still seem’d she destin’d — Why ? — Fate sole could tell —
 With maiden spectres to “ lead apes in Hell.”
 Her fulgent beauty chill respect inspir’d,
 But ne’er, with Love’s intenser workings fir’d ;
 It fix’d, ’tis true, the bold spectator’s gaze,
 Yet only serv’d to kindle cold amaze :

And, notwithstanding many wish'd her hand,
Fear kept them back from making the demand.
Her sisters, both of charms less passing bright,
Soon underwent the matrimonial rite : —
A wealthy suitor each fair virgin led,
From Hymen's altar to the nuptial bed ;
Whilst PSYCHE no kind tender could obtain,
And sigh'd to think that Beauty was so vain.
The statue thus, that Time's rude touch defies,
Which from a rock the sculptor bade to rise,
May by it's perfect symmetry delight,
And fix awhile the pleas'd beholder's *sight*,
Yet has not pow'r an instant to impart
One sensitive impression to the *heart*.

PSYCHE now constant felt severe alarms
That she should never fill a husband's arms :
Thus pass'd each day in agonizing fears,
Oppressive sighs, and unavailing tears : —
Loud she bewail'd her solitary state,
And thought that Beauty met too hard a fate.

Hurt to behold their lovely child's distress,
Despondent ever, ever comfortless,
Her royal parents sought Apollo's shrine,
Where was pronounc'd the ORACLE divine ;

To hear the voice of omnibounteous Heav'n,
And know what doom to PSYCHE would be giv'n :—
But the stern mandate, awfully severe,
Let horror loose, and sharp'd the stings of fear.

“ To some vast mountain's summit be convey'd,
“ Crown'd with rough rocks, the discontented maid ;
“ There, clad in stole of Death, let her await
“ The stern, inexorable will of Fate ;
“ There shall she meet the husband she requires,
“ Whom ev'ry passion, ev'ry craft inspires.
“ None of terrestrial birth is she to wed,
“ But destin'd to receive unto her bed
“ One of malignant heart, to Evil giv'n,
“ One even dreaded by the race of Heav'n.”

At such award the melancholy fair
Was struck with consternation and despair !
The thronging burghers gave forth Sorrow's moan,
And seem'd to make her misery their own :
But, since the ruthless God had been addrest,
None could presume to slight the harsh behest.

The day at length arriv'd—a crowd convey'd
High up a rocky mount the wretched maid ;

Her eyes with pearly droplets streaming o'er,
She blest those friends she thought to view no more ;
And, whilst the floods of anguish marr'd her sight,
Commenc'd the bridal and funereal rite :—
Her sire together with the crowd retir'd,
And left her to perform the rites desir'd.

The weeping mourner, tortur'd by Despair,
Breath'd her soft wailings on the ambient air ;
Regretting now, but now, alas ! too late,
That she had sought the fiat harsh of Fate.
Ere long a Zephyr, from the breast of Spring,
Bore her aloft on cool, refreshing wing ;
And in a grove of unterrestrial kind,
The cheerless suff'rer's weary form reclin'd :
Here flow'rs unnumber'd bore their richest bloom,
Whilst aromatics gave their choice perfume :
Here Vegetation wore his best attire,
And forc'd the eyes to wonder and admire.
Within this grove, upon a flow'ry bed,
The lovely Beauty laid her weary head ;
Flow'rs of best fragrance did the couch compose,
But prime in scent and beauty bloom'd the rose.
Here, by indulgent Zephyrus convey'd,
Reclin'd the late-lorn PSYCHE undismay'd ;

By slow degrees the tumults of her mind
Dispers'd, like baleful fogs, before the wind.

After some moments squander'd in repose,
To view a neighb'ring wood intent she rose ;
At her approach such music struck her ear,
As mortal organs ne'er were known to hear ;
On all sides, warbled from the branches round,
Swell'd the most sweet varieties of sound ;
Fountains of bubbling water constant play'd,
Cool'd Phœbus' beams and beautified the glade.
Advancing, soon her ravish'd eyes behold
A stately Palace, glist'ring with it's gold ;
Huge diamonds spangled o'er the mighty pile,
And Art seem'd round to cast her brightest smile.
She enter'd straight, but no where could be found
Who own'd the wealthy property around :
Nor, as she pac'd the fabric, could her eye
Or man or woman, bird or beast descry ;
Yet on her list'ning ear incessant fell
The softest warbles from Euterpe's shell.
Melodious voices now invite the fair
To bid adieu to ev'ry worldly care ;
Within the dome request her constant stay,
And promise bliss to chase dull griefs away ;

Around her, hands unseen the strings impress
Of harps, until her ears the sounds confess.
Now she's desir'd her snowy limbs to lay
In bubbling founts, where crystal waters play ;
Then to recline — where Iris' colours bloom —
On sofas, garnish'd in celestial loom.

By such address, the maiden bolder grown,
Inclines to fancy all she sees her own ;
And seats her at the banquet board, to taste
Of an invisibly prepar'd repast.
The most delicious meats on gold display'd,
Awhile in wonder check the vent'rous maid ;
Wines of celestial flavour round her pour'd,
And in gem'd vases ornament the board :
Whilst she partakes the unseen harpists play,
And breathe the softest tones of melody :
The thrilling strains her ravish'd soul dissolve,
And in sweet languor all her frame involve.
Mere prelude this to pleasures more refin'd,
Increase of bliss with nuptial love combin'd.

Night now advanc'd, when, such the voice of Fate,
PSYCHE was doom'd in terror to await
A spouse mysterious, none of earthly race,
And bear, perhaps, some monster's foul embrace.

The star of even' now commenc'd it's light,
And PSYCHE's bosom flutter'd at the sight :
O'ercome at length by mingled doubt and dread,
She laid her down upon the nuptial bed ;
Garnish'd with tasty groups of fragrant flow'rs,
By unseen agents, immaterial pow'rs.

Now night's involving darkness fill'd her breast
With rude emotions, which disturb'd her rest :
After an hour her patience had been tried,
The promis'd husband sought the trembling bride,
A soothing voice her harass'd spirits cheers,
And bids her quell unnecessary fears.
The suasive words her terror soon disarms,
As round her fondly twine a husband's arms,
Who, tho' unknown, no baleful dread inspires,
But fills her breast with conjugal desires ;
Lights in her bosom that most hallow'd flame,
Which Hymen's offspring hold in first acclaim.

When ruddy morn dissolves the shades of night,
The spouse mysterious takes unwelcome flight ;
Leaving the fair—again to sorrow giv'n—
To wait his coming with returning ev'n.
Soon nymphs unseen her useless moanings chide,
And with melodious voices hail the bride ;

Propose fresh pleasures to endear the day,
And haste the intervening hours away :
Again in sparkling rills her limbs she laves,
Whilst, dashing round her, sport the limpid waves,
Eager those beauteous members to embrace,
Where Nature had exhausted ev'ry grace.
In thought involv'd, she roves the woods among,
And listens to the feather'd warblers' song ;
Or, whilst to Pleasure's task she plies her hands,
Is charm'd with music by ethereal bands.

At eve, no longer fear'd, to bed she hies,
And with her unknown spouse contented lies ;
But, as he'd practis'd the preceding night,
With peeping dawn he takes unwelcome flight.

In this unceasing round of cloudless joy,
Day pass'd on day, nor knew the least alloy :
All recollection now of former woes
Had ceas'd, and left her bosom to repose :
Tho' hither reign'd unsocial Solitude,
She felt no pain, no listless lassitude ;
For her attendants, tho' unseen, ne'er ceas'd
To spread before her Pleasure's various feast.

Here might the maid have had eternal rest,
Could she have lodg'd one *secret* in her breast,
Or kept her *curiosity* confin'd —
But 'tis excus'd, she had a woman's mind.

Terror at PSYCHE's sad, mysterious doom,
Had o'er her parents cast Affliction's gloom.
The hoary pair, oppress'd by grief, entreat
The sisters both to search for her retreat,
And bring some grateful tidings to their ears,
To ease the load of terrifying fears.
Swift to the mount the eager daughters speed,
Where the stern doom 'gainst PSYCHE was decreed :
Here with congenial air in dalliance play'd
The self same Zephyr, which had once convey'd
The mourning virgin to that blissful spot,
Where all her worldly cares were soon forgot.
Arriv'd, the vent'rous sisters instant feel
His balmy influence o'er their senses steal ;
The ready wind his pinions wide display'd,
And promptly bore them to th' expecting maid.
Her cautious spouse had told her in the night,
That soon her sisters twain might glad her sight ;
Yet charg'd her to be wary, nor receive
Those whose reception she might one day grieve :

She acquiesc'd in what her lord requir'd,
But still seem'd sad that he so much desir'd.
He told her then her guests to entertain,
But still to prudence caution'd her again.

PSYCHE o'erjoy'd receiv'd each welcome guest,
And clasp'd them both in transport to her breast ;
Display'd the castle's riches to their view,
And told of all the happiness she knew, —
That she was wedded to a spouse who prov'd
Young, handsome, gen'rous, — and by her belov'd.

Burning with envy at their sister's lot,
These savage women her destruction plot.
Ere many days had sped their hasty round,
They trod again this unpolluted ground ;
And from weak PSYCHE's breast the secret drew,
Which wrought her wo, to confidence untrue.
She told, that since she'd own'd this costly place
She ne'er had gaz'd upon her husband's face ;
That he had never deign'd with her to stay
Beyond the night, but fled with morn away ;
But that, as even's veil the earth o'erspread,
He never fail'd to hasten to her bed.
Thus much they learn'd, and instantly began,
With blacken'd hearts, to scheme their hellish plan.

Before this second visit had been made,
Her paramour had labour'd to dissuade
The thoughtless girl from taking false advice,
Or heeding aught that work'd him prejudice.
The vicious sisters soon, howe'er, disarm'd
The fair one's prudence, and her mind alarm'd :
To Mem'ry's ear the oracle recall'd,
Whose awful thunders ev'ry breast appall'd,
Which destin'd to her solitary arms
A dev'lish monster, void of worth or charms ;
One more malignant than the coiling snake,
Whose constant thirst of vengeance nought could slake.
At length they made her fancy she was wed
To some foul monster, that disgrac'd her bed ;
Who, in youth's garb, her thoughtless love had gain'd ;
But, when Enjoyment's fountain should be drain'd,
Would reassume his horrid form, and doom
His unsuspecting victim to the tomb.

Their crafty speech soon met with such success,
As drove the beauteous sister to distress :
O'ercome with dread she deem'd their counsel wise,
And in her terror begg'd them to advise.
They counsell'd thus : that ere approach of night,
Within her chamber she'd conceal a light,

And with the light a pointed weapon lay,
To take the sleeping monster's life away :—
That by this act alone she could avoid
The constant dread of being soon destroy'd.
PSYCHE, mistrustless, promis'd to comply ;
On which to lower earth the sisters fly,
Borne on the playful Zephyr's strenuous wing,
Which brought them thence to sharpen Envy's sting.

PSYCHE resolv'd upon the impious deed,
'That with the night her slumb'ring lord should bleed.
Into the fatal chamber she convey'd
A lighted lamp, a sharp and murd'rous blade ;
That to reveal the husband of her dread,
And *this* to rank him quickly with the dead.
Soon as his eyes were clos'd in partial night,
She gently left the bed and took the light ;
Hurried impatient to her husband's side,
And took that view so rigidly denied :
But to her eyes no monster huge appear'd,
No crested serpent, as she falsely fear'd ;
But He, caress'd among the Pow'rs above,
The ever-blooming, beauteous — God of Love :—
Known by the ruddy, bright vermilion glow
Upon his cheeks, and by his placid brow ;

The purple colour of his waving wings,
His shining locks, that hung in golden rings.
O'ercome with horror at her dire intent,
Rankling remorse her guilty bosom rent,
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the lurid blade,
And the lamp flicker'd at the light it made.
She gaz'd upon him with perturb'd delight,
And would have stabb'd herself in Joy's despite ;
But, as compunction she began to feel,
From her light hand escap'd the threat'ning steel.

Close to the couch in all their best array,
Boon CUPID's bow and pointed quiver lay :
Long PSYCHE gaz'd upon the work divine,
And long admir'd the beautiful design.
She took a gilded arrow from the ground,
And tried the point, but felt an instant wound ;
Still slight to that which rankled in her breast,
Since to her eyes the God became confest.

Now she advanc'd to take a nearer view,
And the thin curtain cautiously undrew :
As o'er his form she cast her eager gaze,
In rapture, admiration, and amaze,
Prone from the lamp, the oil of fragrant smell
On CUPID's dexter shoulder scalding fell ;

Who instantly awaking with the smart,
Flutter'd his azure pinions to depart.

In vain did PSYCHE strive t' arrest his flight,
In vain she held him fast with all her might ;
He sprang aloft, and loosen'd from her hold,
Resolv'd by tears nor sighs to be cajol'd ;
But, resting on a tree of sombre hue,
That near the stately pile luxurious grew,
He censur'd her in most indignant tone,
For the unjust ingratitude she'd shown,
In slighting all the counsels he had giv'n,
And aiming at the mysteries of Heav'n.
Ceasing, he wing'd his flight thro' upper air,
And left to grief the justly punish'd fair.

No warbling voices now, from forms unseen,
Chase her despair and bring Joy's sweet serene ;
No harps symphonious thro' the halls resound,
And glad her ear with Music's softest sound !
All was as still as Death — her throbbing heart
Incessant heav'd with Grief's intensest smart ;
And, as Remorse's tears bedew'd her eyes,
The forked light'ning, issuing from the skies,
Did on the castle's gilded summit fall,
“ And one prodigious ruin swallow'd all ;”

The fertile plain became a barren heath,
And an impetuous river roll'd beneath ;
Heedless she plung'd into the turgid wave,
At once to end her wo and find a grave ;
The stream, obsequious to CUPID's charge,
Threw her immediate back upon it's marge.
Soon as she rose uninjur'd from the flood,
Mildly approach'd the guardian of the wood.
Pan tried to sooth her, but he tried in vain,
So smartly struck the twisted thoughts of pain ;
He told her that 't would only be prolong'd
Till she could make her peace with him she'd wrong'd.

In quest of CUPID now the maiden strays,
Thro' clueless labyrinths and rugged ways,
And in her path encounters one of those,
Whose false advice had furnish'd all her woes :
Instant Revenge upsprings from Stygian shades,
And, arm'd with Rancour's gall, her breast invades.
To the base wretch, with sighs profoundly heav'd,
She tells her tale, nor is she disbeliev'd ;
Unfolds that CUPID, at her fault enrag'd,
Had cast her off, now ne'er to be assuag'd ;
And, of her sisters, one had vow'd to wed,
And take immediate to the nuptial bed.

Inspir'd with hopes that she should be the bride,
The guilty sister to the mountain hied,
And from it's summit sprung into the air,
Thinking the gentle Zephyr would be there
To hurry her to bliss : — no Zephyr blew,
As from the mount her heavy form she threw,
But tumbling headlong on the rocks beneath
To pieces dash'd, she found deserved death.
The other sister PSYCHE shortly met,
And sent her too to share an equal fate ;
By the same story plausibly betray'd,
Both were to Pluto's dreary realm convey'd.

Venus meanwhile, enrag'd beyond compare,
That all her schemes had fail'd to crush the fair ;
And at the pain her beauteous boy had found,
From the continual smarting of his wound,
Resolv'd — for rage her callous bosom fed —
To hurl down ruin upon PSYCHE's head.

The hapless maid was wand'ring still in quest
Of him, who lately spurn'd her from his breast ;
She paid her vows at Ceres', Juno's fane,
But could from neither consolation gain.
Now she resolv'd to kneel before the shrine
Of Venus' self, and ask her aid divine,

Who, melted at her sorrows, might repent
The wrongs she will'd, and make her son relent.

When to the cruel Goddess she applied,
Her pray'rs, her supplications were denied,
Entrance refus'd her at the Temple gate,
The Goddess nought relaxing from her hate.

Venus, whom no repentance could assuage,
Resolv'd to seize the victim of her rage.
She instant to Olympus wing'd her flight,
And stood confest before the Thund'rer's sight;
She there implor'd the sire of gods and men,
To hasten Mercury to Terra's den,
To summon to the realms of endless day
A guilty, bold, rebellious child of clay,
Who had presum'd to mate immortal charms,
And take the God of Love unto her arms.
Before, howe'er, the messenger had sped,
To the stern Goddess was the maiden led :
CUSTOM — a fellow in her vile employ,
Suborn'd to blight the buds of purer joy —
Had sily seiz'd on earth the vagrant fair,
And to his mistress dragg'd her by the hair.
As soon as Venus view'd the beauteous maid,
The darkest passions all her breast invade ;

She tears her flowing tresses, smites the face,
Where Nature's hand had planted ev'ry grace,
Bruises that form, ne'er witness'd but admir'd,
Which Love's more potent God with love had fir'd.
This was not all she had to undergo,
'Twas but precursor of severer wo ;
Now under vengeful Venus's control,
She felt her pow'r o'erwhelm her very soul*.

The first employment to the maid assign'd,
With terror fill'd her melancholy mind :
She was to separate commixing grains,
A work that mock'd the most assiduous pains ;
With SORROW as attendant was she giv'n,
To do this task before approach of ev'n.
Whilst she stood fix'd in vacancy of mind,
At what resentful Venus had assign'd,
A tribe of busy Ants, that heard what past,
Sorted the various granules all so fast,
That, ere the lighter shades of night begun,
To her great joy the mighty task was done.
This was not all ; a second more severe
Was now assign'd, which gave increase of fear ;

* This typifies the soul, under the influence of sensual pleasure.

She was commanded to depart and bring
A lock of wool, all gold and glistening,
Torn from the fleece of some uncommon sheep,
Which on a river's margin, broad and deep,
Continual fed : which well the maiden knew
Must be past o'er to gain the prize in view.
Tho' at this juncture Hope withdrew her beam,
She still prepar'd to plunge into the stream ;
When from a reed some whispers caught her ear,
Which softly charg'd her to dismiss her fear ;
Told how the golden lock might be obtain'd,
Which to this wild and wond'rous sheep pertain'd :
She heard the secret, straight procur'd the prize,
And to her mistress bore 't with sparkling eyes,

Tho' PSYCHE's perseverance had been tried,
Still was her tyrant quite unsatisfied ;
She bade her hasten to a pois'nous spring,
By dragons guarded, and it's waters bring.
As she was pond'ring how 'twas to be done,
An eagle, hiding with his wings the sun,
Pounc'd quickly ; from her hand the pitcher tore,
And to the deadly fount the vessel bore ;
There having fill'd it, to the wond'ring maid
Return'd, and at her feet the vessel laid.

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To Venus straight she hasten'd overjoy'd,
Hoping that Peace no longer'd be denied.
But what shall paint the tumults of her mind,
When still she found another task assign'd !
Now she was order'd to direct her tread
'To the infernal mansions of the dead,
And of her Stygian Majesty request
A small and costly manufactur'd chest,
Charg'd with a portion of those charms divine,
Inherited by gloomy Proserpine.
How to attain those fearful realms beneath,
PSYCHE knew not, except it was by Death.
Nor was she now reluctant much to die,
Oppress'd by such excess of Misery.

Now did the maiden to a tow'r repair,
To hurl herself into the empty air ;
When the same guardian Genius, who had been
Her constant guide thro' ev'ry fearful scene,
Address'd her loud, and counsell'd her to hie
To distant Tenarus, where she'd descry
A passage to the dreary realms of wo,
By which to Pluto's palace she might go ;
But bade her recollect upon her way
What to her list'ning ear he should convey.

He bade her first two mealy cakes prepare,
And one in either hand, mistrustless, bear ;
Next two small bits of money to provide,
To pay her passage o'er the Stygian tide.
If in her way she met bewailing ghosts,
Which crav'd her aid upon those dreary coasts,
She was to notice nothing they might say,
But in profoundest silence wend her way.
At Styx arriv'd, the ferryman she'd see,
Who for her passage would demand his fee :
She must permit him, ere she cross'd the lake,
From her clos'd lips one piece of gold to take.
Whene'er the gate of Proserpine she gain'd,
Where surly Cerberus his post maintain'd,
She was to throw a cake before his feet,
When he would let her pass, to take the proffer'd meat.

The Genius told her now that Proserpine
Would offer food, which she must straight decline ;
And back retiring, moderately fed,
Make her repast on black and homely bread ;
Then to the sombre Queen of Death and Hell,
Why she came there he counsell'd her to tell.—
But that the precious casket once obtain'd,
The realms of Day must instant be regain'd.

VOL. II.

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Returning, the precaution must she take,
To feed the dog with the remaining cake ;
And to grim Charon, when the stream she gain'd,
Offer the piece of money that remain'd.

She was enjoin'd to take especial heed,
Nor ope the casket to her charge decreed.
PSYCHE perform'd whatever was enjoin'd :
But Vanity, that weed which chokes the mind,
Induc'd her those injunctions to despise,
Which bade her from the casket turn her eyes ;
She wish'd to view what beauty it contain'd,
And for herself thought something might be gain'd,
Long'd to herself some portion to assign,
Of charms intended for a form divine.
So fond is foolish woman oft of show,
That for it's sake she'll cope, content, with wo.

In evil moment, buoy'd by treach'rous hopes,
Th' advent'rous fair the fatal casket opes ;
Which, like Pandora's box, when op'd it's lid,
Discharg'd the evil at it's bottom hid.
Instead of smirking youth's eternal rose,
Where the fresh hue of health perpetual glows ; —
Instead of Beauty's undecaying bloom,
It only held a rank and deadly fume

Of soporiferous, infernal might,
Which the spent soul involv'd in instant night.
All her fine senses, ev'ry faculty,
Were lull'd in Slumber's deathful lethargy ;
And prone the maiden tumbled on the ground,
Lock'd in the strenuous arms of Sleep profound.
Thus she remain'd, nor ever had awoke,
Had not her former lord th' enchantment broke.

Now CUPID, of his wound entirely eas'd,
And against PSYCHE all his wrath appears'd,
Flew from his mother's palace to the ground ;
Where, lock'd in sleep, his long lost bride he found.

Long for his valued PSYCHE had he mourn'd,
For all his former love had now return'd —
Great was his anguish when he view'd the fair ;
At first his wings he flutter'd in despair ;
But guessing at the cause why thus she lay
In Death's chill grasp, upon the public way,
He, as Divine, his mighty pow'rs essay'd,
And burst the horrid spell that bound the maid ;
The vapour's deadly fume collecting then
Within the casket, shut it up again,
And bade the lately vain, imprudent fair,
To his stern mother with the charge repair :

He sought, meanwhile, immortal Jove's abode,
And laid the whole event before the God.

Jove, with an awful nod that shakes the skies,
Instant convok'd th' obsequious Deities,
To CUPID's nuptials granted his consent,
And order'd angry Venus to relent,
Nor longer 'gainst the maiden vent her spite,
But ratify the matrimonial rite.,

Hermes was order'd quickly on his way,
To summon PSYCHE to the realms of Day :
Soon she appear'd, with renovated charms,
And sprung delighted into CUPID's arms.
For ever ended now all worldly strife,
She drank the nectar of immortal life ;
Became enroll'd among the scrolls of bliss,
And Gods applauded her apotheosis.

A nuptial feast above was now prepar'd,
And ev'ry guest an equal transport shar'd ;
Apollo play'd, and comic Momus pranc'd,
Grave Juno smil'd, and airy Venus dauc'd.
PSYCHE to CUPID link'd, in heav'nly tie,
Commenc'd a course of new felicity ;

Which had no change, nor e'er shall know decay,
Tho' Time shall die and worlds dissolve away.
PSYCHE, now studious only to adore,
To her lov'd lord a beauteous offspring bore :
She call'd it PLEASURE ; but of diff'rent birth
From that foul Hag which gulls the sons of earth.
Thus happy PSYCHE — all her sorrows o'er —
Liv'd, and shall live, till Time shall be no more.

THE END.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON THE MELANCHOLY DECEASE OF MY FATHER,
WHOM I HAD SCARCELY SEEN, IN CONSEQUENCE
OF HIS HAVING LEFT ENGLAND FOR INDIA
WHEN I WAS BUT ONE YEAR OLD.

" 'Tis vain, my soul, 'tis impious all,
" The human lot to mourn,
" That life so soon must fade away,
" And dust to dust return."

FITZGERALD:

HOARSE Rumour clamour'd, and the sullen jar,
Discordant, struck upon my list'ning ear :
" Thy Sire's no more," was bruited from afar :
I caught the sound, but hail'd it with a tear.

My heart o'ergushing with the flow of Grief,
Feels the redundant throbs of searching pain ;
Fain, from myself, I'd fly to seek relief,
But all attempts are profitless and vain.

My Parent! now resolv'd to pristine dust,
Must I not—rigid doom!—behold thee more?
Death grins denial, sorrowfully just,
And thrusts Grief's talon to the bosom's core.

Ere I'd emerg'd from Infancy's obscure,
My mind yet errant in it's doubtful maze;
Unconscious what thine Infant might endure,
Him didst thou quit, and Fate curtail'd thy days.

When drawing tow'rd's Pubescence' onward goal,
I sigh'd to greet the author of my birth—
Just as prepar'd to trust to Fortune's dole,
And cross the wave to feel a Parent's worth,

The shaft of Death forsook the fatal string,
And dried that fount from whence my being flow'd!
Still in mine ears the warning murmurs ring,
Which told thee fled to Heav'n's august abode.

Why should I 'plain, when this abandon'd world
Presents a rugged—oft a dang'rous way,
Where Virtue's banners seldom are unfurl'd—
That now my Sire's where none can lead astray?

Still must Affection raise the stifled cry,
And Grief will force her melancholy moan,
Bursts from the heart it's agonizing sigh,
Whilst Anguish yields her intermittent groan.

It may be vain "the human lot to mourn!"
Still Sorrow ever will despotic prove,
When kindred souls quit Earth's contracted bourn,
And Death has sapp'd the lives of those we love.

How sever'd is the consanguineous chain!
The grand supporting link is wrench'd away:
And burst the catenation must remain;
For when 't will reunite, that none can say.

Lodg'd is that secret in th' occult record,
Which none but eye of Godhead can behold;
Where all is sacred as his solemn word—
Beyond the pow'r of Angels to unfold.

Too sad Fatality! as Hope arose,
With unrestricted transport in my breast,
Fate crush'd the cherub, as a blight the rose,
And mute Despair became my bosom's guest.

How frolic'd Expectation round my heart,
Ere thunder'd in mine ears the rueful truth !
Affection scream'd when Death had wing'd his heart,
And o'er me threw the sombre stole of Ruth !

How oft is Hope incontinent to man !
Her strongest cable often treach'rous proves :
When gives that way, no longer may we scan
A Seraph's grace,—deform'd the phantom moves.

Whatever woes assail our race devote,
Whirls round the world, unmindful of the scene !
Whilst thousands perish — Man's determin'd lot —
They die unheeded, just as nought had been.

How like the burthen of the fruitful tree,
Drop thoughtless Rationals to parent clay !
As green and mellow fall promiscuously,
Expire the ag'd with infants of a day.

Oblivion's king, Eternity's gaunt guide,
Has a vast maw that is not to be gorg'd !
To prince and slave alike his pow'rs applied,
For e'en 'gainst Canute * was his weapon urg'd.

* Whose flatterers would persuade him, that even the winds
and tides would obey his word.

Thou hast, my Father, late evinc'd his strength,
And I am left to wail the fatal blow !
Her woof shall Sorrow weave a weary length,
Supplied incessant from the horn of Wo.

Just as I fondly thought t' embrace my Sire,
Truth plac'd her darkest scroll before mine eyes ;
Rous'd to a painful blaze Affection's fire,
And keeps it up from Grief's intense supplies.

My vital source ! Ah, where thy homely tomb ?
The elemental surge infolds thy clay !
Uncharitable Deep ! thy monstrous womb
Gave the still corpse to thy dire broods a prey.

Uncoffin'd, in the fathomless abyss
The dross of frail Mortality was flung :
What was my Parent's, now no longer his,
Must mix with that from which it's structure sprung.

Tho' Ocean gulp'd the relic of the dead,
To dust the mortal fabric shall return !
Be now the Soul with lasting blessings fed,
Past the near line of Life's contracted bourn !

Thou wert, my Sire, prepar'd to meet thy doom,
And Death by thee was rifled of his sting :
Thou did'st, undreading, seek the charnel gloom,
Conscious there ends all human suffering.

May thy ethereal essence, Father, spring,
Pure as the dews that kiss the op'ning flow'r,
To that Empyreum where Archangels sing,
In hymns of praise, their God's omnific pow'r !

EPITAPH

ON TWO INFANTS, WHO DIED ABOUT THE
SAME TIME.

ERE Guilt could taint the Infant mind,
Had Death Life's mansion riv'n,
The two sweet buds together twin'd,
And planted them in Heav'n.

MEDITATIONS

ON

Death :

OCCASIONED BY THE DISSOLUTION OF MY FATHER.

" There is another and a better world ! " .

" Omnia orta occidunt." — SALLUST.

UNSATURD preyer on Mortality !

Who marrest oft the peace of kindred souls,
And to the grave dragg'st undistinguish'd down
Decrepitude and youth, of thee I sing !
Stern King of Terrors ! subtly prowling Death !
Unerring archer ! ev'ry shaft that's sped
From thine incessant bow, of life the spark
Strikes out, and wings a soul to worlds unknown.
Death ! thy deep pitfalls oft are plac'd before
Th' incautious steps of those on Life's sojourn,

Who onward march, unheeding where they tread,
Till they be trapp'd, inextricably trapp'd,
Within thy wily snare. Feeder of Earth !
True analyzer of Mortality !
Thine awful name upon mine ears strikes harsh !
What is that life we boast of but thy toy ?
Thou hast the management of man's short span ;
And oft, to glut thy greedy appetite,
Thou crack'st the slender thread, the flimsy line
Of brief Existence ! Now be here a pause,
And to bland Contemplation giv'n the rein.
But short time past and I could boast a Sire —
Again in little space that bliss was lost !
Is it to be regain'd ? The name alone
May linger on my tongue, but he who bore
That name endear'd, is far my search beyond :
He has now pass'd th' irremeable bar,
Life's boundary, from whence is no return,
And sprung into the yawning, endless gulf
Of unexplor'd Eternity ; whilst I
Am left to wail my melancholy lot,
To view a proof — indeed a luckless proof —
Of Life's incertitude.

.....Unheedful man !
When thou art borne adown the stormy tide

Of Folly, thrown upon the shoals of Vice,
And dash'd 'gainst Dissipation's cover'd rocks,
Peruse the mighty characters of Death !
'They are at once so strongly mark'd and clear,
If aught can turn thee from unhallow'd ways,
They will arrest thee, steer thee from the paths
Of worldly minded wickedness and guile.
But why thus wander from my dearer theme ?

Ere Reason was confest, and Infancy
Had nothing yielded to her sov'reign pow'r —
When all my faculties were deep immers'd
In infantile obscurity — 'twas then
My Parent hurried to a distant clime,
And left his offspring in the nurse's arms.
He little reck'd 'twould be his future lot
To leave this world and view no more his child !
The mystic volume could he not peruse
Of Prescience ; th' impenetrable book
Was clos'd. Great Source of All ! thy will be done !

Death ! — Let me pause, to dry the swelling tear
That glistens in mine eye, about to fall
As tribute to a Parent's memory —
How dost thou trifle with the joys of man !
'Tis thou dost burst the links, th' endearing chain

Of Consanguinity, and dost devote
Whom Nature bids us love, unto the grave.
Ask what Death is? Presumptuous! who can tell?
We know that all must die, but know no more.
Here of Futurity our knowledge ends.
Ye who have left of life the drear turmoil,
And who like me, ere now, securely trod
This region of Mortality, and quaff'd
The gilded cup of temporal delight,
With you the bitterness of Death is past!
You've tasted now what doth so oft perplex
The poor conceptions of ambitious man.
Could ye but whisper what it is to die!
Useless the wish! Experience alone
Can make us feel the sad reality*.

My Father, from the distant grave I hear,
Thro' Fancy's organs, thy inspiring voice,
Which tells me thou'rt on high in Blessedness.
Slumber in Peace, and hold eternal rest!

Ye thoughtless sons of Adam, who disport
Along Life's chequer'd route, expelling thought
Of heav'nly Ministry—ye've dream'd too long!

* See Dr. Dodd "on Death."

Be not still stubborn; from your darken'd minds
Pluck quickly down the cloak of Unbelief,
And purge the stains of Atheism. Too sure
The pertinacious fool, who hurries on
And braves, with sland'rous tongue, the wrath of Heav'n,
At Life's eventful termination, finds
The curse attendant upon Time mispent.
He there assents to that eternal truth,
So long despis'd — the cheering ray of Hope
Grows dark in Night, and unto Death's domain
Despair drags down his victim. Mighty God!
From thine incomprehensible abode —
Where dwells thine awful Majesty, triune,
Yet still not three but ONE, a paradox
Which Thou alone can'st penetrate — look down,
And on mankind thy lasting blessings shed!
Wean the Profaner from the coil of strife;
Protect the worthy from ungodly snares!
Point out — do I presume too much? Forgive,
Father of Mercy! Pardon that I dare —
Oh! show to such as scoff thy holy word
On what an awful precipice they tread,
And plant their footsteps in the track to Heav'n.

Ye weak! who put into the scales of Truth
The weights of Falsehood, weigh her balance down,

Or strive at least with pseudo Sophistry,
Turn from your sight her records, fair to view,
And treat her as an harlot; who, to screen
Exceptionable acts, her fame pollute,
Make lies your panders to her injury,
And strive to stigmatize her sacred name,
Your hearts reform and take her for your guide :
She will conduct you thro' the stir of Life,
Beyond the terrors of this teemful world,
And all those mighty obstacles which mar
So oft the peace of man. Unsullied Truth
Is Heav'n's ambassador ; there train'd and taught,
She hath reveal'd what has been, is to come :
The lovely model she, the spotless source,
Th' inspir'd inditer of our Holy Writ —
'Tis she can mollify the pangs of Death,
And mitigate the horrors of the Grave.

Did I not tax thee, Death ? Methinks 'twas rash ! —
Thou takest life, 'tis true, but dost return
An interest beyond expression great,
Immortal Being, Youth eternaliz'd ;
A life that lasts beyond Conception's span,
That beggars Time, triumphant o'er his pow'r —
A life that comprehends Eternity !!
But still thy coming is a season drear !

Thine advent Death—precursor of the day
When we are doom'd to stand before the Judge—
The stern, impartial Judge of Quick and Dead—
To hear the solemn trump, that from their graves
Departed Spirits from the Dead shall raise,
Who in the sound these awful words shall hear—
“ At length is Retribution's hour arriv'd.”

To die! Alas! how fearful 'tis to die!
The coward Soul shrinks back, foreboding ill,
And recreant, shudders at the thought of Death:
Unsprightly images in busy throng
Clog up the manly functions of his mind.
Thus Terror whispers—“ Where shall I abide?
“ I never can explore the boundless vast,
“ The track immeasurable, infinite,
“ Of Immortality!—What changes there
“ I may be doom'd to witness, until Death,
“ A secret must remain! Uncertainty
“ Gives more of pain than could the loss of Life.”
Forbear! nor longer let the Coward's thoughts
Pollute the page that gives the lay to Death!
Reverse the picture; see the genial Soul,
Bred in Religion's school, 'gainst Folly steel'd,
Contemning Vice, in Virtue's vestments clad,

Behold the man that's trusted in his God,
And see how calmly he can dare to die.
When Nature's gen'ral Creditor demands
The liquidation of that final debt,
Which all of mortal bearing must incur,
Bravely his forfeit does the good man pay,
Which that stern Dun, who no denial takes,
Comes to enforce; and lays him gently down,
To quaff the chalice of immortal Bliss.
His mind nought dwells on catacombs and graves,
On charnel-houses fill'd with dead men's bones,
Tending t' infuse into the dying mind
Emotions harrassing; but joys his soul,
That tow'rds Life's rapid verge it bounds along,
It's wings expanding to commence new flight,
And pierce the regions of Eternal Day.

Here let the Christian pause and contemplate
Th' exchange of mortal for immortal life,
Then let him answer which he thinks the best.
Cowards alone are terrified at Death!
He is not terrible when he assumes
His delegated pow'r: Oblivion dark
Springs up at his command, sense fades away,
And all is turn'd into forgetfulness.

'Tis *dying* in the mind works such ferment,
Of those who fear to leave this restless world :
'Tis this alone which kindles up the flame,
And sets to move a "worm that never dies"
Within the Sceptic's bosom, when he finds
The hour of Dissolution to be nigh.
'Tis this which maddens all his mental pow'rs ;
Brings to his tortur'd intellectual view
That sulph'rous Gulf, where writhe in penal fires
The outcast sons of Guilt.— Dying he feels
Remorse's constant stings assail his heart.

Death ! thou sole perfect cure of human pride,
Who dost prevent so oft man's lordly race
From straining far to gain Ambition's goal !
Thou sov'reign check on sublunary bliss !
To what an awful state dost thou reduce
The noblest, fairest, greatest, and the best,
The most unworthy 'mongst the sons of men !
Alike they groan beneath thy potent arm,
Nor good nor bad are paramount with thee.
The grave — that prison-house which is prepar'd..
At thy command,—without distinction takes
The rich, the poor, the coward, and the brave.
Death unto persons deigneth no respect,
He preys promiscuously on all mankind :

Then let Corruption be no longer vain,
Let MOULDED CLAY no longer swell with pride*.

How greatly various are the shafts of Death !
They fly unerring from his dreaded bow ;
And on a prop so frail doth life depend,
That 'tis more wonder we contrive to live
Than to forget that we are doom'd to die.
How evanescent our terrestrial joys !
To-day we live, to-morrow are no more.
As shadows disappear, nor leave a trace
By which we may perceive where once they were,
E'en thus we vanish from this busy scene,
Nor long molest th' unstable memories
Of those behind us left ; still does the world
Unmindful hurry round ; all is turmoil,
A giddy, bustling, universal rout,
Incessant riot, uproar without end :
The havoc made by Death is seldom mark'd ;
The human species drop into their graves
Like leaves in Autumn from the parent oak ;
And unlamented, unforgotten lie,
Whilst years flow on apace, without regard :
Time flaps his pinions, urges swift his flight,

* See Dr. Dodd " on Death."

And novel generations spring to life ;
Feast on it's sweets, enjoy their golden day,
Then, like their fathers, drop to kindred dust.

Wisdom hath told us long an awful truth !
This spacious seeming Globe is but a lump
Agglomerated by the hand of Heav'n ;
And He that form'd it can as quickly rend
Each worthless atom from the mighty whole,
As can a bubble burst. God fills the world
With animated life ; then gives to Earth
What man conceives Creation's noblest work,
And adds, by ev'ry death, a little mite
To that stupendous mass on which we dwell.
O ! would the Mortal, when about to die,
Whisper his heart that all is for the best ;
Then let him contemplate that solemn hour,
The Day of gen'ral Doom, when all the Quick
Shall see convulsive Nature in a blaze,
Rolling by fragments to primordial nought ;
Mountains, " cloud capt," from their foundations torn ;
Rocks plung'd concussive into Ocean's bed ;
Trees flinging high to Heav'n their flaming arms ;
Rivers absorb'd, their pebbly channels drain'd,
And Earth one mighty universal fire : —
Then let him pause, and trembling at the view,

Ask his weak heart, if Death, in gentle garb,
Is not more mild than 'twill hereafter be,
Amid the dread subversion of the world,
When darkly reigns Annihilation round ?
Death must arrive ; he cannot tarry long ;
Therefore 'tis surely better be prepar'd,
When he shall make his final claim on man,
Than offer to withhold what's not our own.

How boundless is Ambition with mankind !
Boundless, indeed ! but yet how quickly check'd !
Where are those men, in ancient lore renown'd,
Philip and Alexander ? Mighty names !
Pompey and Pyrrhus ; Cæsar, still more fam'd ;
With those of further antiquated date,
Sesostris, Agamemnon, and the rest,
Whose names rank high upon th' historic page ?
Where now ? Long since their carcasses have gorg'd
Of hungry worms the appetites ; whose dust
With theirs has also mingled. Such must be
The antecedent of Eternity * !
As the wise Gardener uproots the shrubs —
Too thickly planted, or thro' age unfit —

* Eternity considered here to commence when the spirit is summoned from the grave to rise to the Life Immortal.

To give more space to those of tend'rer growth :
So from Creation's stock doth Death select,
Nor Priests nor Heroes can arrest his arm.
The Macedonian warrior, who could boast
Of vanquishing the world, and even wept
There was but one to vanquish, could not dare
Oppose the high supremacy of Death.
To what did all his cruel conquests tend ?
To show Posterity there liv'd a man
Who fed Ambition on the gains of blood !
Vain were his deeds—he was a mortal still !
He could not conquer Death. The grizly King
Enter'd the lists, and tore Existence' prop
From him who cow'd the bravest of mankind.
His life how splendid ! his demise how mean !
Although, with lofty sound, the conch of Fame
Had oft re-echoed thro' this ample world
The warrior's deeds ; yet, when we note his end,
Revolts the soul, whilst Pity stands in tears,
And would exclaim : —“ Behold the mighty man !
“ He lived a hero, but a sot expir'd.”

To Thee be dedicate the closing strain,
Whose minister Death is : —All Righteous God !
What rare requital does mankind receive
From Thee —unfailing Source of ev'ry bliss !—

For mortal life's destruction ! Cease, proud worm,
To groan at Dissolution; 'tis the bark
That wafts thee down the stream of LIFE ETERNAL.
'Plain then no more ! — The Christian's adage is —
Nor God rejects — WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT *.

* That is, whatever proceeds from the dispensations of Providence.

LINES,

CHIEFLY ADDRESSED TO AN AFFECTIONATE
UNCLE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS DELIVERING
ME, WHEN VERY YOUNG, FROM A DANGEROUS
FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE.

....." Look on Beauty,
" And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by a weight
" Which therein works a miracle in Nature ;
" Making them lightest that wear most of it.
" So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
" Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
" Upon supposed faithless, often known
" To be the dowry of a second head,
" The skull, that bred them in the sepulchre.
" Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
" To a most dang'rous sea."

SHAKESPEARE.

THRO' Mem'ry's pow'rful optic I retrace,
When, past short while, thy tutelary care
Dragg'd me from Siren wiles, and rescued me
From female subtlety ; where, but for thee,
I should have sunk too far my depth beyond,

Into the vast of solitary wo.

Thine heart, my GUARDIAN, with Affection arm'd,
Sunder'd the cord that bound me fast to Folly ;

Then bade me turn and view the yawning gulf,
Into whose miry chasm I sought to spring.

Spell-bound by winning smiles and luring charms —
Rocks which oft crush the noblest pow'rs of man —

My head I pillow'd in Delusion's lap ;

And, like a dotard, tumbling to the grave,

Was gull'd by plausibility. Mad fool ! —

How brings disgust the thought ! — I here became
Enamour'd of conceal'd Deformity :

But, as subsides the morn, the meteor's glare,

By which th' unwary traveller's betray'd,

So Guardian Friendship pluck'd the veil away,

By deep Deception wove, and gave to light

The hidden toils that lay my steps beneath.

She who insnar'd my heart, untutor'd then,

Might match the fabled Circe in her fraud,

Tho' not in magic : such her baleful pow'r,

She almost made me beast.—Base witchery !

Had I possess'd that efficacious herb

Which bold Ulysses bore, when captive held

By female charms, within *Ææa's* Isle,

I might have baffled beauties, duller far

Than her's who turn'd to foul unseemly swine

The hero's followers :—yet, Heav'n he prais'd,
 Tho' I'd no antidote that could repel
 The creeping poison of alluring Vice,
 Still was the watchful eye of Friendship op'd
 To see when I should stumble, and it's arm
 Uprais'd to save me from the hurtful fall.
 Yes, my lov'd Uncle, 'tis to thee I owe
 The noblest liberty that man can taste !
 Now, but for thee, I should have worn the gyves,
 The galling gyves, of feminine caprice.
 She whom I lov'd — How lov'd ? 'Twas no such thing !
 Wild Phrensy chain'd the functions of my soul,
 And clogg'd Affection's eyes :— all blind I sped,
 My heart envelop'd by a dusky film,
 Which heated Fancy spun. Fool obdurate !
 I scarce knew what love meant : but all the while,
 My young imagination in a blaze,
 Was fann'd by dalliance, and the passions stir'd
 By female fondling ; ev'ry sense absorpt
 In rank Infatuation ; all my pow'rs
 Congeal'd by blandishments and witching arts.
 Securely lull'd ; far too inwrapt to pause
 And scan those feelings which incessant rose
 And rioted within, I madly urg'd
 The headstrong passions in their wild career,
 And — like the tiger hast'ning to the lure,

In which he falls a prey — I should have sped —
 Had not thy arm, mine Uncle, pluck'd me thence —
 To Mis'ry's goal, and that the most remote.
 'Tis hard to think how prompt perception's sense
 Could be so dull as not to comprehend
 The shallow arts of her, whom, if I lov'd,
 'Twas love from fancy springing, not the heart.
 How meanly was I late about to fall
 The victim of finesse ! — a woman's dupe ! —
 A hamper'd cully ! — Psba ! Disgust, away —
 A paltry tool to gloss a wanton's will !
 A tickled booby, an ungainly oaf,
 Tack'd to the apron of a scolding trull.
 Pamper'd with praise and cloy'd with constant smiles,
 Caress'd and fondled like a blubb'ring boy ;
 Deception's veil hung pendant o'er my sight,
 Whilst meretricious beauty spread her lure
 And, mermaid-like, would have destroy'd her prey,
 Had not a succ'ring friend been by to save.
 From what a dizzy steep was I withheld !
 Scarce could my limber vessel clear the shoal,
 But then just launch'd into the vasty sea
 Of earthly Care ; and like a paper boat,
 Which striplings float upon the mirror'd pool,
 Endanger'd by each momentary blast.
 As when some Pilot, at the trusty helm,

Yields to the potent calls of leaden sleep,
And leaves the wayward vessel to it's fate,
So I, bewilder'd by seductive spells,
Clos'd, as in sleep, each reasonable sense,
And left my struggling bark without a guide.

How ! Was it woman that first set me down
An object for destruction ? Truth stands forth,
And blushes to pronounce her answer — Yes.
What ! Could a member of that beauteous race,
On whom the Graces smile — whom man delights
To hold in reverence, assail his peace,
And strive to mar ? — Hold, hold ! Inquiry's vain —
Who shall say woman's ever undeprav'd ?
Nature assents them frail : how far they sink
Below that measure, let Experience teach.
O, woman ! when no sordid thoughts obtrude
Within the nice recesses of that mind,
Which God ordain'd immaculate ; ere Sin,
With voice corrupt, impugn'd Almighty Pow'r —
When pure thy soul, like it's Ethereal Source,
Beams spotless with the sublimated rays
Of uncorrupted love, how worthy thou !
Thou dost infuse into the heart a charm,
And when unthinking man turns renegade,
As baser gold within the crucible

Is purg'd from dross, thy converse doth erase
 Those glaring spots which he so often bears :
 And pure unsullied intercourse with thee
 Reclaims the wand'rer : joyous in thy smiles
 He quits the grosser hum of busy men,
 The din of revelry, the noisy throng,
 And owns his only bliss, Domestic Love.

Perhaps, my Uncle, you would check the strain,
 And say I grow too fervent in my song !
 I may ; but young imagination warms,
 And gives emotions soothing to the soul.

Give range to thought ; and what, in Life's short date,
 Can yield such pure enjoyment, as, beneath
 The roof where kind Sufficiency abides,
 A woman's converse ? Who has only learn'd
 The sacred lore by hallow'd Virtue taught,
 Who spurns the empty follies of the world,
 Flies from the mandates of imperious Pride,
 And wears of mild Humility the garb.
 Well may she stand compare with some tall shrub,
 Of soft perennial green ; for, tho' a blight
 May rob of verdure some superfluous leaves,
 Yet does the plant it's gen'ral hue retain,
 And, tho' impair'd it's beauty, still 'tis green.

Só, should the hand of Time her graces spoil,
Still uncontaminate remains her mind.

Titles there are 'twixt men and maids vouchsaf'd
Which binds for ever uncorrupted hearts
In firmest contact ; and to view well pleas'd
A smiling offspring seated round the board
Of calm Content, delights the lib'ral mind,
And quickly forth this frank confession draws,
That all those purer joys on man bestow'd
Spring from the virtues of his counter sex.
Woman's the strongest chain that binds to earth !
Oft when unthinking man has madly run,
Disdaining heed, against the rocks of Care,
Should moody Disappointment gloom his brow,
She pours o'er each tormenting wound a balm,
Softens his anguish, dignifies his soul,
And stimulates to all that 's excellent.
Did not the Roman Portia wound her thigh,
To show contempt of pain, and swallow down
Embers of scorching fire t' attend to death,
And share the dreary grave with him she lov'd ?
Where ever dwelt upon this circling ball
A brighter pattern of connubial love
Than wrong'd Lucretia ? Where was ever known
A woman more supremely eminent

Than fam'd Cornelia? Such, it must be own'd,
 As Nature very rarely parallels.
 Unmov'd by splendour, nobly she disdain'd
 The offers of a king, and pref'rence gave
 To one less great — a Roman citizen!
 When ask'd to show the jewels she possess'd,
 She usher'd forth her ruddy stripling sons,
 The only gems she ever deign'd to own.
 When we behold thee on a scale so grand,
 O woman! what more exquisite than thou!
 As pearly dew refresh the drooping stem,
 Dost thou exhilarate the heart of man.
 Sex versatile! if once we shift the scene
 And view thee in deformity,—what worse?
 Did not Medea rob a brother's life
 And give his carcass to the fowls of air?
 Did she not slay the produce of her womb
 To sate revenge? Accurs'd infanticide!
 What could in horror Procné's* action mate?
 Where shall be found a precedent more fell
 Than Tullia's homicide? But let's advance
 To later times, when dark Ambition rose
 And spread a bloody deluge; when the rage

* She slew her son and served him up for her husband to feed on.

Of French Brunehaut and Fredegonde was rife. —
 But 'tis enough ! I will no more expose
 Those frailties, woman ! which thy softer sex —
 Unwish'd reality — are prone to oft.
 Fairest and weakest of Creation's works !
 Here shall Truth slumber on the baser side,
 And only sing of her who caus'd my lay.

Parental Uncle ! were it not for thee,
 I should ere this have quaff'd the goblet off
 Of Disappointment and Calamity,
 And of my wild imprudence worn the badge.
 How oft my thoughts to that sad time recur,
 When thou didst pluck me from the giddy height
 Of madding folly, just about to fall
 Beyond the reach of preservation far !
 How does my heart expand with sure disgust,
 When I reflect, that, but for thine advance,
 I should have swallow'd down a wanton's bait !
 Just like the sportive tenant of the stream,
 That springs to catch the manufactur'd fly ;
 Where art has done so cunningly her work,
 As to conceal, with aid of angler's skill,
 The death it meditates,—unlearn'd, was I
 Alike deluded, just in act to gulp
 The lure of Beauty ; so adroitly cast,

That sure destruction would have mark'd the deed.
 How did the flimsily constructed toils
 Of fell depravity, of female vice,
 Seal up my eyes and trap my boyish heart!
 Fond fool ! and could I look for Happiness
 Along the road to Misery's domain !
 All those keen pow'rs which give discernment birth,
 By false delusive flattery were clogg'd :
 All those malignant and enthralling arts
 Which a perverted mind could exercise
 To steal away affection, were set forth
 To lure me to my ruin.—Trifling boy !
 Thro' a false medium Beauty met thy view
 Corrupt and base ; it was her mask alone
 That chain'd thy admiration : if again
 It should assail thy young unpractis'd heart,
 Bethink thee that the wasp conceals a sting,
 And that the bee, which culls the choicest sweets
 From Flora's horn, has poison in her tail.

How well each silly circumstance adheres
 To e'er tenacious memory ! — But youth,
 Unletter'd boyhood, is a fair excuse
 For indiscretion. — Late, I must confess,
 When kindled passion held determin'd sway,
 My mind was abstract from Reflection far,

And Reason, like a meteor, disappear'd,
 Leaving a senseless void. She who beguil'd,
 Was form'd by Nature for th' ungracious task :
 In person comely, but of conscience foul.
 Like fam'd Pandora, whom the Thund'rer sent —
 As oldest fabulists have long time sung —
 To trick Prometheus, she might aptly boast
 Of Beauty's gauze ; and tho' she had no box,
 Containing all those evils link'd to life,
 Her breast was stor'd with properties as vile :
 But when beheld the eye this hideous group —
 Not as within the case Pandora bore —
 Hope quickly vanish'd, ne'er to be reclaim'd.
 Had I, her victim, touch'd the limed twig
 Which she so sily spread to 'snare' withal,
 No hopes of manumission had remain'd !
 Her scorpion sting had pierc'd at ev'ry part
 Where Nature soonest feels Affliction's throes,
 And, like Prometheus, to the mountain chain'd
 An eagle tearing, with ferocious fangs,
 His panting vitals ; which, as they consum'd,
 Were form'd anew for endless punishment —
 Should I, had angry Fate ordain'd my fall,
 Have writh'd beneath a female harpy's claws.
 Behold the painted butterfly ! it's hues
 Delight the eye and force us to admire ;

But, when dismantled of it's gilded wings,
 Nought but an odious downy grub remains.
 Just such is beauty when the heart's unsound !
 Man scans the moulding from Creation's hand,
 And clasps the specious *outwork* to his breast ;
 Nor, till too late drops off the glozing mask,
 Does he perceive the cheat : — then doubly curst,
 Beyond redemption, his distracted heart
 Heaves agoniz'd : the sweet but poison'd bait,
 Which late he unsuspectingly gulp'd down,
 Corrodes or withers all that meets it's pow'r.
 Oh, woman ! woman ! of angelic form,
 Tho' oft of mind beyond conception base,
 What woes sometimes from thee may own their rise !
 If Satan erst, as mighty Milton sung,
 Deceiv'd in angel guise Sol's spotless lord,
 Unearthly Uriel, can we wonder aught
 That woman, clad in such celestial garb
 As oft she wears, should fatally delude
 The careless creature man ? Sure God ordain'd,
 When Eve our pristine mother pluck'd the fruit
 Which op'd her eyes and show'd her nakedness —
 Done in despite of his supreme commands —
 That all her daughters should thenceforward be
 Or pests or blessings to the nobler sex !
 When born to love, where can there, but in Heav'n,

Be found more bliss than woman can bestow?
 When born to hate, where can there, but in Hell,
 Be known more gall than woman can create?

How clear does Mem'ry reproduce to view
 When first I saw the child alluring form
 Of her who proffer'd me a honey'd cup
 Of dev'lish quality! I well retrace,
 Thro' Recollection's smooth unclouded glass,
 Her heaving sighs and hypocritic tears;
 Her wily blandishments and tender sobs;
 Her oaths, her protestations, solemn vows;
 Her numerous appeals to Heav'n, to prove
 How ardently she lov'd; her fulsome praise
 Of Nature's benisons on me bestow'd;
 Her fond caresses and seductive smiles;
 Her wanton kisses and salacious leers:—
 All that might cause the dormant passions stir
 She exercis'd: and had not bashful youth,
 Upheld by modesty and boyish fear,
 Been void of courage to the lewd attack,
 I should have fall'n at first into her snare,
 As a blind drunkard drops into a ditch;
 For, soon 'gan bashfulness to disappear,
 Incontinent desires began to breed,
 And Modesty prepar'd to take her flight.

Grown bold by oft temptations, I had sought
 To rend in twain her ever spotless robe,
 And eke uncouple the rapacious curs
 Of cormorant Desire; and should have done 't,
 Had'st thou not — more than father, interfer'd,
 And dragg'd me from the quicksand ere I sunk.
 How blurr'd infatuation, madly wild,
 My mind untaught and insignificant!
 The foulest macula that ingrates bear
 Spread like contagion o'er me. Wilt thou e'er,
 My venerated Uncle—friend unmatch'd,
 Blot from the book of Recollection out
 Th' abuses which upon thy head I show'r'd,
 When thou didst break the pendant scourge of Guilt,
 Which o'er me hung? When I did almost dare
 To ban thy name in harsh unseemly terms,
 For interposing thy protecting arm
 'Twixt me and misery? When led by love,
 By kindred love, thou didst at once unfold
 The cursed lures of her whose chains I bore,
 And from Delusion's mist my vision clear'd?
 Had it not been for thee, like him of old,
 Who dallied with Egyptus' artful queen,
 And lost the world to fill a harlot's arms,
 I might have sunk to wantonness a prey!
 I'm lost to think how then my tamper'd heart

Could spurn such kindness ! Pardon, first of friends,
 And think 'twas phrensy's too intemp'rate flame
 That to distortion warp'd my very soul.
 As heat extracts the vapours from the soil,
 So strumpet charms insidiously drew
 From Reason's bed it's nobler qualities,
 And left it full of rank and pois'nous weeds.
 Consideration, Meditation, Thought —
 All pow'rs of intellectual employ
 Were far dispers'd ; I suck'd the madding fume,
 Th' intoxicating sweets which woman owns
 The skill to yield. In Folly's dream absorb'd,
 Just as a person roaming in his sleep,
 I follow'd blindly where the wanton led.
 I know thy heart, mine Uncle, soon forgave
 The silly indiscretions of a boy,
 Trepann'd by craft. The snare was laid too deep
 For unsuspecting youth to comprehend ;
 But, when Experience op'd his eagle eye,
 And cast it's piercing gaze upon the toil,
 It was occult no longer ; quick reveal'd
 To Wisdom's sight, the filmy web dropt off,
 And show'd how black the inner structure was.
 But yet it irks me to prolong the theme
 Of my unmatch'd ingratitude to thee,
 Best lov'd, most worthy — to whose friendly care

I am in debt for all that I enjoy :
Still, notwithstanding thy indulgence show'd
So oft to one who poorly merited,
Like the fell serpent, which, restor'd to life,
Turn'd on it's kind preserver, I late while,
With all the rancour of an angry heart,
Inflam'd by disappointment, curs'd the hand
That led me safely from the adder's den.
Take this as recompense: I own my fault ;
And, whilst the sap of life continues on,
Thy fond impression ne'er shall leave my heart,
Nor love of thee but perish with my death.

LINES

ON A RECENT ENGAGEMENT, WHICH TOOK PLACE
ON THE CONTINENT, BETWIXT THE BRITISH
AND FRENCH FORCES.

[Written in India, August 12, 1812.]

" magnum et atrox
" variaque victoria fuit."
SALLUST, *Bellum Jug.*

O COULD the timid Muse a strain prolong,
Of Waller's smooth or Dryden's mightier song !
Then might she strike the full resounding wire,
And in the breast arouse it's latent fire ;
Awake the backward embers into flame,
Where Joy should sparkle from the blaze of Fame.

Renown's loud clarion wakes the slumb'ring world ;
Behold, ye brave, her pennons wide unfurl'd !

Mark where, encircled with the spoils of war,
Imperial Valour rolls her rapid car:
Note, as 'tis hurried through the sanguine flood,
The heavy axle clogg'd with thick'ning blood !
There Triumph sits — a laurel branch she rears,
Scours o'er the field and staunches Pity's tears ;
Calls forth Compassion's unreluctant sigh,
Yet gives their meed to those who bravely die.

View Britain's Genius urge her patriot son,
The scourge of France, illustrious WELLINGTON !
He hears her voice ; and whilst that voice inspires,
Undaunted fans Contention's vivid fires :
Hurls 'mongst his foes the scorpions of Dismay,
And points to Glory's fane the bloody way.
She hails afar, she beckons his advance,
To pluck the streamers down of tyrant France :
He pants the while before her shrine to lay
The splendid trophies of a well fought day.

Behold Hibernia's pride, her noblest boast,
Chasing the foe from Lusitania's coast,
Where Dolabella* erst his army led,
And strew'd the well contested field with dead !

* The Roman general who overcame, with great difficulty,
the Portuguese, B. C. 99 years.

Where'er the stubborn contest fiercest burns,
His potent arm the tide of battle turns ;
Aw'd by his presence is the foe chastis'd,
And many a heart by terror paralys'd.
Still Gallia's sons, by no mean force alarm'd,
Urg'd by Revenge, by hopes of Conquest warm'd,
Unfold their flaunting banners to the sky,
Resolv'd to win the strife, or bravely die.
Incessant volleys from their ranks resound,
Whilst streams of slaughter dye the thirsting ground.
Yet England's hardy race, with firm advance,
Threats speedy ruin to the swarms of France —
She still maintains her ground, nor shuns the foe,
But, unaffrighted, waits the coming blow.
The vaward ranks keep up th' incessant fire,
In hopes to make the stubborn foe retire :
But Britain's dauntless offspring, first in might,
Reserve their charge, and seek a closer fight.

Now mark them close, the adverse armies join ;
Awful the shock to each contending line !
Death bares his arm, and wasteful havoc makes,
Whilst hell-born Fury scatters round her snakes :
Conquest or Death ! each child of Valour cries ;
“ Conquest or Death ! ” old Echo straight replies.

Glory, her golden trumpet in her hand,
Blows a shrill note, and fires each hostile band ;
Ranges the plain, applauds each hardy deed,
And heaves for those a sigh who nobly bleed :
Tears from her brows for each a fadeless wreath,
The best, the noblest gift she can bequeath ;
And they, as fast exhales Life's wasting breath,
Receive the boon, and triumph in their Death.

Both hostile armies, with determin'd rage,
Scorning to yield, in fiercer mood engage ;
Alike resolv'd, each hard resource they try,
To plant the standards up of Victory ;
The Gallic bands in numbers most confide,
Their foes in valour, England's highest pride.
He who leads on Britannia's gen'rous race—
Born ne'er to feel the stigma of disgrace!
By bold example ev'ry bosom fires,
For each must emulate what each admires ;
Their prowess checks the valour of the foe,
And adds to Battle's sanguinary glow.

Still burns the contest ; yet each warring host
With fierce equality maintains it's post ;
No trifling guerdon, that which fires each band—
One wars for empire and supreme command ;

The other fights in Justice' sacred cause,
And seeks from Glory well-deserv'd applause.
As yet in doubtful struggle each contends,
And upon speedy victory depends ;
The pond'rous beam, and ample scales of Fate,
O'erloaded, groan beneath their mighty weight, }
Uncertain which will yet preponderate.
But short the doubt, now drooping France no more
Bears Battle's lash, but staggers in her gore :
With toil o'ercome, her valiant troops give way,
And yield their foe the honours of the day.
Now Gallia lost, dejected and forlorn,
From Triumph's splendid ensign rudely torn,
Collects her scatter'd sons, adjudg'd to feel
The stripes which flow from Fortune's adverse wheel,
Flees from the sounding scourge of brazen war,
Mourns for her loss, but hastes to weep afar : —
Yet time shall be when she 'll again respire,
And light another torch at War's destructive fire.

Oft thus the tiger, by the lion foil'd,
Gash'd with deep wounds, with blood and sweat o'ersoil'd,
Slinks to his gloomy den in sullen plight,
And, growling, meditates a future fight,
Licks his deep scars, and smarting with the pain,
Roars in despite, and prowls the woods again.

Here let Ambition's progeny explore
The burthen'd plain, manur'd with clotted gore ;
Where grovel countless corpses uninhum'd,
Left to corrupt — by birds of prey consum'd ;
Then from the monster's impious shrine secede,
And from their bosoms root the clinging weed.
Here pause the man, whom high presumption leads
To spurn at honest Justice when she pleads ;
Who tries to climb, unjust, the slipp'ry brink,
From whence so many, unsupported, sink ;
Where those who fall can never reascend,
But, headlong hurl'd, beneath Affliction bend : —
Here let th' aspiring wretch who boldly tries
— Not nobly born — by unjust means to rise,
Behold how circumscrib'd is man below,
Check his career, and pause on human wo.
Ye sportive Rationals, who careless glide
In gilded barks down Life's impetuous tide,
A moment turn and mark the prospect here,
In time be warn'd, be cautious how ye steer !
No chart can show the rocks or shoals conceal'd,
For Fate hath will'd them not to be reveal'd.

How are the grandest projects oft transvers'd,
And he, late blest, in sudden woes immers'd !

Man, but the empty pageant of a day,
Just looks around, and passes swift away.

Tremble, base Corsican! for fall thou must!
Trample thy vain ambition to the dust!
Usurper, pause! submit to Fate's behest;
Bend to the yoke, and let mankind be blest.
The ghosts of millions, with discordant yell,
Impatient wait to scream thy fun'ral knell:
In serried ranks the passive phantoms throng,
To hail thy quick descent the D—d among.
Too long has Providence, severely wise,
Withheld the mighty vengeance of the skies:
But now to thee may 't never more be giv'n
To feel th' indulgence of impartial Heav'n!
Thy bright career is past, thy moment fled,
And Wo's dark diadem shall crown thine head.
Prepare to meet Death's terrible award,
Hell claims it's due, nor can thy soul be spar'd:
Amid the torment of sulphureous flame,
When writhing sufferers scoff thy blasted name,
Remorse shall wake and plant it's eager sting,
To quicken pain and sharpen suffering.

England be glad! the ruthless Tyrant's fall
Shall joy thee long, and claims the joy of all.

Too long has Europe shudder'd at his pow'r ;
Too long submitted at his feet to cow'r :
But, if Fate's mystic volume may be read,
Ruin now pends o'er his devoted head.

REFLECTIONS ON BATTLE.

[Written early in the year 1811.]

“ But War’s a game, which, were their subjects wise,
 “ Kings would not play at.”—COWPER.

DREAR was the day, the light’ning glar’d,
 From far the mutt’ring thunder ’s heard,
 And Heav’n’s hoarse voice was strong;
 Bleak blew the wind, the pelting rain
 Descended upon earth amain,
 And rush’d in streams along.

The sky, with sudden gloom, o’ercast,
 Mock’d at the struggles of the blast.—

VOL. II.

P 2

One universal cloud :
The brutal multitude, dismay'd,
Ran wildly howling thro' the glade —
The owl's hoarse scream was loud.

Boding precursor to the day,
When death-fraught engines, in full play,
Urg'd on the wolves of war!
When Slaughter, dashing o'er the dead,
Her jaws and bosom streaming red,
Yok'd dragons to her car.

See where she lifts her demon arm,
Red with some vital current, warm,
Now dropping from her shield!
Behold her gaunt and haggard form,
Smiling 'mid Strife's impetuous storm,
As smokes the purple field.

Grim Rage, with eye-balls staring wide,
Gnashes his teeth, as at his side
Death deals the dated blow.
Revenge stalks onward 'mid the throng,
And drags his consort Hate along,
To pounce upon the foe.

The jarring Passions take their stand,
As all around, on either hand,

War's fires illumine the sky.
Unheeded now the wounded's groan,
Unnotic'd Death's enfeebled moan,
The shriek of Agony!

Mingled in War's invet'rate strife,
Contending each for valued life,
Will neither party yield :
Dismember'd corpses strew the ground,
The red stream gushes from the wound,
And dyes the fatten'd field.

The Furies—as, pois'd high in air,
Their torches cast a lurid glare—
Impel their snorting steeds :
They deal, as roars the clamour loud,
Their subtle poison to the crowd,
And urge to desp'rate deeds.

Mark yonder form, of life bereft,
The mutilated body cleft

By ruthless hands in twain!
It was not Death deform'd the corpse:—
'Twas Fury, callous to Remorse,
Just hot from Hell's domain.

She rear'd aloft the reeking knife,
And in the curdling stream of life
The griding weapon dyed:
The breathless carcass she defac'd,
To sate Revenge's demon taste,
And glut imperious Pride*.

He, bloated Recreant, the while —
His cheeks distorted with a smile —
Looks well contented on;
Then, misborn minion of the night,
Stalks off with damnable delight,
To mark more murders done!

* Many *promising* young Christians, to whom their country allows the right of wearing a cockade, often recount, with all the arrogance of unmanly pride, how dexterously they took away such or such a man's life, when engaged in the *honourable* butchery of war!

What horrors oft have birth in war!
Rage, Riot, Hate, and Massacre;
All Vice's baleful brood:—
The Virtues, Loves,—to distance fly,
None but fell ministers are nigh,
That doat on human blood!

Oft in united bands are join'd
Those various tyrants of the mind,
Which Virtue's shrine profane:
Blusters the tempest of the soul,
Uninfluenc'd by self-controll,
And sweeps th' embattled plain.

Thousands are hush'd to final rest—
Life's ruddy current from the breast
In streams ensanguin'd flows:
The hardy soldier, as he dies,
Directs his gaze to happier skies,
Then sinks to Death's repose.

Just as the fleeting soul exhales—
As yet on high War's bloody scales

In equal balance swing—
That frame, which late the spirit left,
Is cast aside, of all bereft—
E'en stript of covering.

Heav'n's matchless work, as viler earth,
(Man's admiration from his birth,)
Is petulantly spurn'd—
No generous companion near
To yield the tribute of a tear,
Or see the dust inurn'd.

Bounteous Disposer of Events!
Are not the criminal intents
Of man all known to thee?
What must Revenge's vot'ry feel,
When, borne on Time's revolving wheel,
He meets Eternity!

Mark Slaughter's sanguinary sword,
Observe the human fabric gor'd,
Dismantled now of soul!
The sinner, awful to relate!
Hurl'd, unrepentant, prone to Fate,
Life's peremptory goal!

Man! daring man! thy froward mind,
To future blessings ever blind—

First 'stablish'd Murder's code!
Now o'er the World's entire domain
The pest has undisputed reign,
Tho' reprobate of God!

As TIME's eventful shadow glides,
As ebb and flow the wayward tides
Of LIFE's tumultuous sea,
Behold how many madly run,
And the strait gate perversely shun,
Of IMMORTALITY!

STANZAS

ON THE RECOVERY OF AN INFANT FROM A
FEVER WHICH THREATENED ITS LIFE.

THE solar orb his radiant beams
In fiery, scorching, threat'ning gleams,
 Upon the primrose threw:
The tender, early, lovely flow'r,
Bow'd for a moment 'neath his pow'r,
 But, water'd, bloom'd anew.

The Infant thus, by fever prest—
The thirsty tyrant at it's breast—
 Droop'd to the grave amain;
Till Nature's kind and forceful arm
Dispell'd the unrelenting harm,
 And strung the nerves again.

The taper—when but lately lit,
Scarce seen the doubtful flame doth sit,
 Oft threat'ning instant flight:
Till to the wick at length confin'd,
It sports no longer with the wind,
 But burns a steady light.

At first the child—it's vital fire
By fever check'd—could scarce suspire,
 But seem'd it's soul awing;
Till Constitution's mightier pow'r
Suppress'd the blight, renew'd the flow'r,
 And left it flourishing.

STANZAS

ON A PRIMROSE BLOWING IN WINTER.

STERN Winter, weary of continual snows,
Warm'd his chill breast and hung his frosts on high,
Hush'd the unruly tempests to repose,
And chill'd the rumbling clamours of the sky.

Awhile relaxing of his rigid mien,
He woo'd the Primrose—^a unassuming flow'r—
Above the soil she peep'd her head serene,
And Winter triumph'd in his vernal pow'r.



THE END.

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